Spirit of the Times

FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 10.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The distich of an unknown poetaster at Smithtown is very clever, but we cannot give it a place, inasmuch as it might wound the feelings of the parties alluded to. To prove to him that his communication would be inserted were it not liable to the objection before alluded to, we publish the only separate paragraph in his letter:—

"If you think the above too trifling to be noticed, you have this consolation: the postage is paid, and the only damage to you is the encroachment on your time; and *my* consolation is, that as you have more than one friend in this place, I can use one of your own expressions and say, 'the more you try to guess the writer of this, the more you can't.'"

We received by Friday's Mail, a full and interesting report of the *Plaquemine* (La.) *Races.* John Beasley beat Plato in their match, Two mile heats, in 3.55—3:54½. John Beasley has since been matched against Naked Truth, Four mile heats, for $1000 a side.

One half of *Birmingham* was to be sold at auction in Mobile last week.

Gen. Mabry is recovering from his wound lately received at Tuscaloosa, Ala.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses,* THREE *Mile Heats,* with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph,* and *Linnet,* with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 22.—LA BAYADERE—La Bayadere, Mdlle. Augusta; Olifour, Mr. Placide.—SIMPSON & Co.—and SCAN MAG.

MONDAY, April 24.—LOVE AND REASON, SWISS COTTAGE, in which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley will appear, and the farce of HAUNTED INN.

TUESDAY, April 25.—HOUSE KEEPER, and TWICE KILLED, in both of which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley will appear.

WEDNESDAY, April 26.—LA BAYADERE—Olifour, Mr. Placide; Zoloe, Mdlle. Augusta, with other entertainments.

THURSDAY, April 27.—Mrs. Keeley's Benefit.—GIOVANI IN LONDON, with other entertainments.

FRIDAY, April 28.—THE YEOMAN'S DAUGHTER, and LA BAYADERE.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6¾—Performances to commence at 7¼.

AMERICAN THEATRE--BOWERY.

THIS EVENING, April 22—Mr. Scott's Benefit.—NORMAN LESLIE and ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

MONDAY EVENING, April 24—LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN and ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

TUESDAY, April 25.—MAKE YOUR WILL and ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Doors open at 6 o'clock—curtain rises at 7. Boxes 75 cts; Pit, 37½ cts; Gallery, 25 cts.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, April 24.—CHAIN OF GUILT, or The Murderer's Doom, and OURANG OUTANG—Ourang Outang, Mr. Blanchard; Bippo, John Sefton.

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, April 25 and 26.—Same as Monday.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; performance commence at 7. Boxes 50 cts.; Pit 25 cts.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

D. D. McKINNEY, of the firm of Dean & McKinney, Managers of the Eagle Street Theatre, Buffalo, and of the Theatres in Detroit, Columbus, Cleveland, and Rochester, will be in New York on or about the 20th instant, and will be happy to receive proposals from ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent, for engagements in the above named theatres. All communications (post paid) will be duly attended to.

Buffalo, April 7, 1837. [A15-tf.]

CAMP STREET THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE proprietor of this establishment and the Western Theatres, informs the Ladies and gentlemen of the Histrionic art, that in July he will be in New York, for the purpose of forming engagements for his ensuing season. Applications from persons of talent will meet with prompt attention; in the mean time he begs leave to state that Mr. John Povey, Park Theatre, is his authorized agent, and is fully empowered to negotiate for him. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to him at all times, and to the proprietor till the middle of May.

New Orleans, March 29, 1837. [A15-4t] RICHARD RUSSELL.

One of the editors of the Boston Daily Herald, in a letter written home from this city, flares up with the following sentence in a detailed account of the New York Theatres:—

"The first thing which struck me as differing from Boston, was an everlasting cracking of pea-nuts. This was most conspicuous in the *pit of the Bowery* and the *boxes of the Park!* I write truth. I visited the Park on Friday night, when Ellen Tree played Julia, and when it might reasonably have been expected that a choice audience would grace the theatre—but on all sides of me was this cracking—and I assure you it annoyed me exceedingly."

As the Boston critic evidently got a "check" to herd among the loafers in the "pit of the Bowery," it is but fair to presume he paid the same price for a gallery ticket at the Park, or "roosted" somewhere in the cock-loft of the third tier, among the gods and goddesses that usually compose "the choice audience" he alludes to. Mr. Simpson will be awfully mortified that the astute critic of the Boston Herald should have been "exceedingly annoyed" while listening to Ellen Tree and the cracking of pea-nuts in the third row. What an afflicting dispensation of Providence it would be, should the editor of the Boston Herald determine to write down the city of New York!

Rodolph.—It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that Col. CLAIBORNE has purchased the entire interest of the Kentucky champion for $20,000, and intends standing him at his stable, near Natchez, Miss., at $200—the highest price ever charged in America. Rodolph will be restricted to a limited number. We cannot but regret the determination of Col. C., as expressed in a letter before us, dated Vicksburg, March 26th, to send to him, among his six or eight brood mares, those fine racers *Antelope* and *Cassandra.* However, as the Colonel is the owner of *Hinda, Rodolph,* and others, and has recently purchased one third of *Jim Polk,* one of the best three mile horses in Missisippi, our regrets are materially abated; the more especially as he authorizes us to offer the following

CHALLENGE!—"I will run the produce of my mares *Antelope* and *Cassandra,* by RODOLPH, at two years old, against the produce of any Horse in America, Mile heats, *for any amount!*" [Signed] OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

MAJOR DOSWELL'S *Antiope.*—Our readers and the worthy Major himself may be surprised at the figure cut by Antiope in our Table of Two mile Winners last week, but the fault is not ours. We placed *it* in the list as we found his or her race recorded by the Secretary of the Taylorsville Club. The U. S. Sporting Magazine makes Antiope a colt and calls him *Antelope,* while the Turf Register adheres to Antiope and makes her a filly, while both agree as to distance, two miles, and the time, in which with them we are borne out by the Secretary. On referring to our files of 1835, we found "a b. f. by Gohanna, dam by imp. Merryfield, 3 years old," entered by Major Doswell, in a colts' sweepstakes in Virginia, and from that circumstance concluded *Antiope* must be the one referred to, being of the same blood and age. Either the track was knee deep, or the race a waiting race, or the Secretary wrote *six* minutes for *four*, or gave *two* instead of *three* miles, as the distance run, we know not which; the latter, we presume, must have been the case, as the time was 6:52—6:42—6:42—two mile heats!—Will Major D. enlighten us upon this point.

The Whole Hog again!—We see that the clown of the Lion theatre is to ride a hog to-night. Did the Editor of the Post teach the clown, or was it *vice versa?* We suspect the latter, as the Editor of the Post gave out some time ago that the establishment was under his control. It would not be a bad idea to give the editor an office—that of hog reeve. We are certain that his practical knowledge of the character of that race would fully enable him worthily to fill the situation. Boston Daily Herald.

☞ We would accept the office of hog-reeve at once, if it were not for the duty it would impose on us of immediately depriving the Editors of the Herald of the liberty of running at large. Boston Morning Post.

☞ Below we present a graceful and elegant letter from "A COUNTRY COUSIN OF THE GIRLS UP-TOWN," giving a graphic account of the pranks played off upon quiet uncles and aunts on *April Fool's Day.* The Postmasters on the route between Gotham and that city of the East where the sun rises, have April-fooled us by detaining the letter of our charming correspondent for a week or two. She may forgive them, but "we'll be *blamed*" if we do.

Letter from a Country Cousin of "The Girls Up-Town."

APRIL 3d.

"I don't see wherefore letters should not be
Written without hands, since we daily view
Them written without heads; and books we see
Are fill'd as well without the latter too;
And really, 'till we fix on somebody
For certain sure, to claim them as his due,
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
The world to say if *there* be mouth or author."

I suppose you are dying with chagrin at our apparent neglect of your mirth-moving Spirit. But really, Mr. P., you dwell so long and lover-like now-a-days upon horse-flesh, that papa winces when he sees our names in print, and Grace says she blushes to death every time she takes it up;—(you know she is deep read)! "*Honi soit qui mal y pense,*" say I, and for all the Mercuries and Bascombes in Christendom, I shall not abandon the glorious ladder for immortality which your luminous paper offers.

You cannot imagine how much we wished you had called to see us a few days since; such a grand petard as we had fixed for you! It was the memorable dawn of the 1st day of April, and long before the sun rose, we were all awake and afoot, i. e., Kate, Grace, and me, chasing about in our *robes de nuit,* playing all manner of tricks upon our quiet household. Poor papa fell the first martyr to our fooleries. We drew him twice from his warm couch within the space of two minutes; first, by an unanimous shout of fire, and then, with Kate's admirable tact for mimicry, by a low whine at the door, in imitation of mama's favorite tortoise-shell cat. He absolutely grew spiteful, and commenced making his toilette for the day. How affectionately we lingered about him, to enjoy his contortions while shaving for the first time with a new kind of ambrosial soap, after we had drawn the edge of his Damascus razor over our curling-irons!

Harry, (my brother, you know,) sleeps in the great west chamber. He is a kind, amiable, pious creature, and just preparing to take orders. Kate and me passed half the night thinking how we should fool him. We made, at last, a charming baby—blue-eyes, rose-lips—a wilderness of sunny curls, white bib, coral beads, and all, and popped it into an old champaigne basket, with a bit of paper pinned upon the wrapper, begging its "dear father to take compassion upon the offspring of his once-loved Abigail." We placed it just inside his chamber, leaving the door slightly ajar. The curtains were partially drawn, and a dusky twilight pervaded the silent room. I peeped in to take one look of the unconscious object of our fun. He was apparently sound asleep, looking as pure and peaceful as the beautiful Medora. I thought of his holy life, and holier aspirations, and half repented me of our wild nonsense. But 'twas too late. Before I had scarce time to withdraw my head, Kate gave out such an ominous squall, as to entirely upset my better thoughts. Through the smallest of all cracks I could see the effect of her first clarion. A faint contraction of the brows—a slight movement of the arm, and the slumberer was again in peaceful oblivion. Another and more portentous outbreak of infantine petulance, and he instantly started—rubbed his eyes—gazed wildly up at the curtains, then at the window, and finally upon the mysterious basket. Here I pinched Kate to raise another faint stave; she moaned accordingly, and the next moment poor Hal was bending over his little pledge. He snatched off the slip of paper—read it—blushed like sunset—then was pale as death, and gazed down upon the cherub child with a look of absolute horror. Just at this crisis, Kate, with mischievous pertinacity, gave another and bolder squall. 'Twas too full of laughter to counterfeit nature, and the spell was at once broken. The door closed loud and fiercely in our faces. We took to our heels like Post Boy, never stopping till we had reached our next and less dangerous post of honor. There we found Grace anxiously waiting for us, with a new and brilliant apparition to surprise the tomb-like apartment of our good old aunt Keturah. A large corn-broom had served her as the spinal marrow, the dorsal support, and sustaining spirit of the handsomest dandy of the age. A Spanish cloak streamed gracefully from his left shoulder, dimly revealing a form that Apollo might have envied. With a majestic and Richard-like bend of the back, we forced his entrance into the darkened chamber, and placed him in graceful dignity leaning upon the high, old-fashioned mantle-piece, with his eyes of red sealing-wax, turned up with blue, fixed as intently and deliciously upon the time-worn sleeper as the gaze of Teufelsdrockh fell upon the matchless form of Blumine. We then silently withdrew, and seated ourselves, like Macbeth's witches, just outside the door, to wait the glorious result. Moments and minutes fleeted by, and to our impatient spirits seemed ripening into hours, when suddenly a terrific cry of agony burst upon our ears—shriek after shriek followed in quick succession—then a low guttural groan—a smothered sigh, and all was silent in the stormy bed-chamber. At that instant we heard the approach of the family flying up stairs, and before we could find our feet, were surrounded. They burst into the room, and all started with involuntary indignation at the stately intruder, who was still obstinately bending his ardent gaze upon the fright-strickened Keturah! She, poor thing, had swooned through terror, and long did we watch tremblingly for signs of life. They came at last, and that moment recollecting the still motionless object of her fright, we seized upon his legs, and dragged him, like Hector at the chariot-wheels of Achilles, round the walls of our own apartment. We found it very difficult to persuade our aunt that the interloper was not the bogle of a certain Major Alonzo Lovewhiskey, of the Hessian Corps, that served in this country during the Revolutionary War, who was an admirer of her youthful charms—but who getting in debt, was obliged to fly the country. *Hessian fly* though he was, our aunt could not *brush* him from her memory.

We passed the remainder of the morning inditing, folding, sealing, and dispatching perfumed billets, tied with wedding-knots, to our old discarded, but still imploring lovers, containing all manner of ancient hieroglyphics and Druidical poetry, as unknown to us as to them. Had we not so firmly expected "York's tall son" to pay us a visit during the day, we should have electrified him with a sight of our fairy love-tracks. But our sheet of violet évegue is nearly "used up," and we must put a *period* to our *comi*-cal letter. Our fire is just expiring, too, and we do not wish to put more coal on (colon). If a mark of *admiration* at this *great* economy should escape you, we will *dash* an answer to any *interrogation* you please. We're getting facetious; but why not as well be in the Serbonian bag of puns as to risk (asterisk) ourselves in the high fen (hyphen) of scandal? I've been brushing up my French; voila! Why is the English Tragedian, who assaulted Bunn, like the fourth day of the week? D'ye give it up? Because both are Macready (Mercredi). Adio, ———

Miss CLIFTON was playing in Natchez, on the 8th, with Parsons, to immense houses.

Things Theatrical.

AUGUSTA, the KEELEYS, and EMMA WHEATLEY, are the magnets at the Park. The three first were cordially greeted on their return.

The National, Bowery, and Franklin are carrying on the war with considerable spirit. Wm. SEFTON has just assumed the management of the latter.

The *brilliant* corps composing the company of the Richmond theatre, are wasting a deal of sound and fury upon Mr. POWER, who was so miserably supported, that he left the theatre in disgust. In his "P. P. C." he expresses his thanks to the public for the cordial welcome extended to him, and regrets that the present organization of the company forbids his becoming the guarantee for any performance being offered worthy the audience of that city.

Mr. POWER was thrown from his horse last Sunday, at Baltimore, by which his collar bone was broken.

NEW THEATRE IN TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS, (Tenn.) March 31, 1837.

Dear Sir,—It is with much pleasure that we are enabled to inform you that the rapid growth of this town, and the facilities of trade, admits the erection of a new Theatre. There seems to be a universal desire throughout all the towns on the margin of the majestic Mississippi river to encourage the drama. We have purchased a lot, and the theatre is to be finished in three months. Will you do us the favor to notice this in your most valuable journal.

Your friends and serv'ts, WARRALL & GROVES.

BOSTON THEATRICALS.

Letter from our Correspondent, dated BOSTON, April 15, 1837.

Since the close of the engagement of Miss ELLEN TREE, theatricals have been at a very low ebb in this city. The public have feasted until they have become completely satiated, and refuse to partake of the good wholesome fare spread nightly before them. This is the regular season for benefits, and notwithstanding the great attraction offered, the worthy stock actors scarcely find it worth their while to cater for benefits. Mr. and Mrs. HIELD, as deserving a couple as ever walked our boards, introduced Master William Hield last week as Young Norval. He is only *seven years old,* but a truly wonderful child; he gave the impassioned speeches of the tragedy with great spirit and effect, and was welcomed by the continual applause of the audience. I think he will, in a few years, create as great a sensation in the theatrical world as did BETTY or Master BURKE. The WATSONS have arrived, and pretty CHARLOTTE commences on Monday in the Pirate Boy. After her the beautiful AUGUSTA is to appear; she will probably be followed by Miss CLIFTON, and it is rumored that Mrs. LEWIS will pay us a visit in May.

The *National* is doing a thriving business; the manager seems determined to deserve patronage, if we may judge from the style of the pieces produced there. Thalaba is now the great attraction; the piece is got up in a splendid manner, and every thing connected with it is of the most gorgeous character.—Mrs. ANDERSON is a beautiful actress, and is winning golden opinions. Mrs. SMITH looks as lovely and bewitchingly as ever, and acts with the same spirit. Miss LOUISA JOHNSON is engaged at the National, and commences next Monday week. She will prove a valuable acquisition to the company.

The *Lion* has closed, and BARRYMORE is negotiating for it next season, and it is hoped he will get it.

My friend HARRINGTON of the Galaxy, has written an excellent play entitled FRANCISCO, which will be produced at the Tremont. By the way, my modest friend has determined to wage war against short petticoats! he has already commenced upon Augusta, but it is believed, when the sylph appears, all his resolutions will fall to the ground. Yours truly, W. E.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN BALTIMORE.

Extract from a letter dated BALTIMORE, April 11, 1837.

The prospects, I am told, for the Spring campaign, are very promising, unless the prevailing epidemic ("*the pressure*") should visit us to a greater extent than at present. I hope, however, that things will be better by that time—much *worse* they cannot be. At least 20 nags are expected to "go" for the Dorsey Stakes.

What think you of a challenge—"*Camsidel* against the *Queen of Trumps!*" *They do say,* that such a thing is talked of, and that a well-known Turfman from the Gold Region, who intends crossing the broad Atlantic shortly, for the purpose of visiting the Liverpool races, has liberty to make such a sentiment known. I give it only as an on dit—and cannot vouch for the truth of it.

A word or two about *Theatricals.* Messrs. Maywood & Co., who are lessees of the *Front street* as well as the Holliday, opened the former on the 27th ult., with the spectacle of the *Jewess,* which they got up in very handsome style, and played it twelve nights successively and successfully. Mrs. RICHARDSON commenced a short engagement last night, and opened with the drama of *Lucille.*—She is, and most deservedly, a great favorite here, and was greeted with great applause, by a full and fashionable audience. The company, I understand, will open the Holliday again on Monday next, and intend playing alternately at each house, according to circumstances. Holliday street house is by far the most comfortable—but then the other is better adapted for Melo Dramas and spectacles, which require a deal of scenery, &c., such as the Jewess, Mazeppa, Faustus, &c. Besides it is only *half* price, (something to be considered now-a-days,) which *cannot* be the case at the Holliday under the present company of stockholders.

Original Foreign Items—From a Correspondent.

It is reported in London that Miss Tree is shortly to be married to an American gentleman of the name of Shaw.

The REV. Sir H. Rivers, Bart., an English sportsman, was recently fined ten pounds for knocking down and kicking a boy twelve years of age.

Pietro Bonaparte, son of Lucien, who was sentenced to death, has had influence enough and the good fortune to change the judgment of the Court into an order for perpetual banishment. He is now in England.

The Lords of the Admiralty have issued an order, forbidding in future, the mast-heading of midshipmen.

MRS. WELLES' BALL.—This lady, the wife of the American Banker at Paris, gave a *bal costume,* at the hotel St. Georges a few weeks since, which was pronounced *perfect.* The guests were all in fancy dresses, a military band was in attendance, and a pageant procession of the principal characters for the evening passed through the suite of rooms. The space allotted to the dancers was kept by half a dozen gentlemen at arms, as halberdiers of the time of Louis 15th.—A minuet was danced by sixteen persons, the gentlemen dressed as the body-guard of that monarch, and the ladies, the most beautiful in Paris, in hoops and powder *a la Marquise.* It is said that the best opera dancers of the Academy were surpassed by those who executed this and subsequent figures, such as the Military Gavotte. Col. Thorne followed Mrs. Welles' with a ball, which did not equal her's in splendor. The Americans are beginning to be known abroad among the fashionables, through these fetes.

Two more infernal machines have been discovered, no doubt intended for Louis Philippe. One of them was the invention of a poet named Pril.

An English newspaper is about to be established in Vienna.

Sheridan Knowles has a three act drama, nearly ready for representation.

There are upwards of four millions of invalided soldiers in France.

HANDY ANDY.—NO. II.

Andy walked out of the room with an air of supreme triumph, having laid the letters on the table, and left the squire staring after him in perfect amazement.

"Well, by the holy Paul! that's the most extraordinary genius I ever came across," was the soliloquy the master uttered as the servant closed the door after him; and the squire broke the seal of the letter that Andy's blundering had so long delayed. It was from his law-agent, on the subject of an expected election in the county which would occur in case of the demise of the then-sitting member;—it ran thus:—

"Dublin, Thursday.

"My Dear Squire,—I am making all possible exertions to have every and the earliest information on the subject of the election. I say the election,—because, though the seat for the county is not yet vacant, it is impossible but that it must soon be so. Any other man than the present member must have died long ago; but Sir Timothy Trimmer has been so undecided all his life, that he cannot at present make up his mind to die; and it is only by death himself giving the casting vote that the question can be decided. The writ for the vacant county is expected to arrive by every mail, and in the meantime I am on the alert for information. You know we are sure of the barony of Ballysloughgutthery, and the boys of Killanmaul will murder any one that dares to give a vote against you. We are sure of Knockdoughty also, and the very pigs in Glanamuck would return you; but I must put you on your guard in one point where you least expected to be betrayed. You told me you were sure of Neck-or-nothing Hall; but I can tell you you're out there; for the master of the aforesaid is working heaven and earth to send us all to h—ll. He backs the other interest; for he is so over head and ears in debt, that he is looking out for a pension, and hopes to get one by giving his interest to the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, who sits for the borough of Old Gooseberry at present, but whose friends think his talents are worthy of a county. It Sack wins, Neck-or-nothing gets a pension,—that's *poz*—I had it from the best authority. I lodge at a milliner's here;—no matter; more when I see you But don't be afraid; we'll bag Sack, and distance Neck-or-nothing. But, seriously speaking, it's a d——d good joke that O'Grady should use you in this manner, who have been so kind to him in money matters; but, as the old song says, 'Poverty parts good company;" and he is so cursed poor that he can't afford to know you any longer, now that you have lent him all the money you had, and the pension *in prospectu* is too much for his feelings. I'll be down with you again as soon as I can, for I hate the diabolical town as I do poison. They have altered Stephen's Green—*ruined* it, I should say. They have taken away the big ditch that was round it, where I used to hunt water-rats when a boy. They are destroying the place with their d——n improvements. All the dogs are well, I hope, and my favorite bitch. Remember me to Mrs. Egan, whom all admire.

My dear squire,
Your's per quire, Murtough Murphy.

"*To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale.*"

Murtough Murphy was a great character, as may be guessed from his letter. He was a country attorney of good practice;—good, because he could not help it,—for he was a clever, ready-witted fellow, up to all sorts of trap, and one in whose hands a cause was very safe; therefore he had plenty of clients without his seeking them. For, if Murtough's practice had depended on his looking for it, he might have made broth of his own parchment; for though, to all intents and purposes, a good attorney, he was so full of fun and fond of amusement, that it was only by dint of the business being thrust upon him he was so extensive a practitioner. He loved a good bottle, a good hunt, a good joke, and a good song, as well as any fellow in Ireland; and even when he was obliged in the way of business to press a gentleman hard,—to hunt his man to the death,—he did it so good-humoredly that his very victim could not be angry with him. As for those he served, he was their prime favorite; there was nothing they *could* want to be done in the parchment line that Murtough would not find out some way of doing; and he was so pleasant a fellow, that he shared in the hospitality of all the best tables in the country. He kept good horses, was on every race-ground within twenty miles, and a steeple-chase was no steeple-chase without him. Then he betted freely, and, what's more, won his bets very generally; but no one found fault with him for that, and he took your money with such a good grace, and mostly gave you a *bon-mot* in exchange for it,—so that, next to winning the money yourself, you were glad it was won by Murtough Murphy.

The squire read his letter two or three times, and made his comments as he proceeded. "'Working heaven and earth to send us to—' So, that's the work O'Grady's at—that's old friendship—d——d unfair; and after all the money I lent him too;—he'd better take care—I'll be down on him if he plays foul;—not that I'd like that much either;—but—Let's see who's this is coming down to oppose me?—Sack Scatterbrain—the biggest fool from this to himself;—the fellow can't ride a bit,—a pretty member for a sporting county! 'I lodge at a milliner's'—divil doubt you, Murtough; I'll engage you do.—Bad luck to him!—he'd rather be fooling away his time in a back parlor, behind a bonnet-shop, than minding the interests of the county. 'Pension'—ha!—wants it sure enough;—take care, O'Grady, or by the powers I'll be at you. You may baulk all the bailiffs, and defy any other man to serve you with a writ; but, by jingo! if I take the matter in hand, I'll be bound I'll get it done. 'Stephen's Green—big ditch—where I used to hunt water-rats.' Divil sweep you, Murphy! you'd rather be hunting water-rats any day than minding your business. He's a clever fellow for all that. 'Favorite bitch—Mrs. Egan.' Ay!—there's the end of it—with his bit o' po'thry too! The divil!"

The squire threw down the letter, and then his eye caught the other two that Andy had purloined.

"More of that stupid blackguard's work!—robbing the mail—no less!—that fellow will be hanged some time or other. 'Egad, maybe they'll hang him for this! What's best to be done?—Maybe it will be the safest way to see who they are for, and send them to the parties, and request they will say nothing: that's it."

The squire here took up the letters that lay before him, to read their superscriptions; and the first he turned over was directed to Gustavus Granby O'Grady, Esq., Neck-or-nothing Hall, Knockbotherum. This is what is called a curious coincidence. Just as he had been reading all about O'Grady's intended treachery to him, here was a letter to that individual, and with the Dublin postmark too, and a very grand seal.

The squire examined the arms, and, though not versed in the mysteries of heraldry, he thought he remembered enough of most of the arms he had seen to say that this armorial bearing was a strange one to him. He turned the letter over and over again, and looked at it back and front, with an expression in his face that said, as plain as countenance could speak, "I'd give a trifle to know what is inside of this." He looked at the seal again: "Here's a—goose, I think it is, sitting in a bowl, with cross-bars on it, and a spoon in its mouth: like the fellow that owns it, maybe. A goose with a silver spoon in his mouth! Well, here's the gable end of a house, and a bird sitting on the top of it. Could it be Sparrow? There's a fellow called Sparrow that's under-secretary at the Castle. D—n it! I wish I knew what it's about."

The squire threw down the letter as he said "d—n it," but took it up again in a few seconds, and, catching it edgewise between his fore-finger and thumb, gave a gentle pressure that made the letter gape at its extremities; and the squire, exercising that sidelong glance which is peculiar to postmasters, waiting-maids, and magpies who inspect marrow-bones, peeped into the interior of the epistle, saying to himself as he did so, "All's fair in war, and why not in electioneering?" His face, which was screwed up to the scrutinizing pucker, gradually lengthened as he caught some words that were on the last turn-over of the sheet, and so could be read thoroughly, and his brow deepened into the darkest frown as he scanned these lines: "As you very properly and pungently remark, poor Egan is a *bladder—a bladder*." "Am I a *bladdher*? by Jasus!" said the squire, tearing the letter into pieces and throwing it into the fire. "And so, *Misther* O'Grady, you say I'm a bladdher!" and the blood of the Egans rose as the head of that pugnacious family strided up and down the room: "I'll bladdher you, my buck,—I'll settle your hash!"

Here he took up the poker, and made a very angry lounge at the fire, that did not want stirring, and there he beheld the letter blazing merrily away. He dropped the poker as if he had caught it by the hot end, as he exclaimed, "What the devil shall I do? I've burnt the letter!" This threw the squire into a fit of what he was wont to call his "considering cap;" and he sat with his feet on the fender for some minutes, occasionally muttering to himself what he began with,—"What the devil shall I do? It's all owing to that infernal Andy—I'll murder that fellow some time or other. If he hadn't brought it I shouldn't have seen it—to be sure, if I hadn't looked; but then the temptation—a saint couldn't have withstood it. Confound it! what a stupid trick to burn it. Another here, too—must burn that as well, and say nothing about either of them;" and he took up the second letter, and, merely looking at the address, threw it into the fire. He then rang the bell, and desired Andy to be sent to him. As soon as that ingenious individual made his appearance, the squire desired him with peculiar emphasis to shut the door, and then opened upon him with,

"You unfortunate rascal!"

"Yis, your honor."

"Do you know that you might be hanged for what you did to-day?"

"What did I do, sir?"

"You robbed the post-office."

"How did I rob it, sir?"

"You took two letters you had no right to."

"It's no robbery for a man to get the worth of his money."

"Will you hold your tongue, you villain! I'm not joking: you absolutely might be hanged for robbing the post-office."

"Sure I didn't know there was any harm in what I done; and for that matter, sure, if they're sitch wonderful value, can't I go back again wid 'em?"

"No, you thief. I hope you have not said a word to any one about it."

"Not the sign of a word passed my lips about it."

"You're sure?"

"Sartain."

"Take care, then, that you never open your mouth to mortal about it, or you'll be hanged, as sure as your name is Andy Rooney."

"Oh, at that rate I never will. But maybe your honor thinks I ought to be hanged?"

"No,—because you did not intend to do a wrong thing; but, only I have pity on you, I could hang you to-morrow for what you've done."

"Thank you, sir."

"I've burnt the letters, so no one can know anything about the business unless you tell on yourself: so remember,—not a word."

"Faith, I'll be as dumb as the dumb baste."

"Go, now; and, once for all, remember you'll be hanged so sure as you ever mention one word about this affair."

Andy made a bow and a scrape, and left the squire, who hoped the secret was safe. He then took a ruminating walk round the pleasure-grounds, revolving plans of retaliation upon his false friend O'Grady; and having determined to put the most severe and sudden measure of the law in force against him for the monies in which he was indebted to him, he only waited the arrival of Murtough Murphy from Dublin to execute his vengeance. Having settled this in his own mind, he became more contented, and said, with a self-satisfied nod of the head, "We'll see who's the *bladdher!*"

In a few days Murtough Murphy returned from Dublin, and to Merryvale he immediately proceeded. The squire opened to him directly his intention of commencing hostile law proceedings against O'Grady, and asked what most summary measures could be put in practice against him.

"Oh! various, various, my dear squire," said Murphy; "but I don't see any great use in doing so *yet*,—he has not openly avowed himself."

"But does he not intend to coalesce with the other party?"

"I believe so;—that is, if he's to get the pension."

"Well, and that's as good as done, you know; for if they want him, the pension is easily managed."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Why, they're as plenty as blackberries."

"Very true; but, you see, Lord Gobblestown swallows all the pensions for his own family; and there are a great many complaints in the market against him for plucking that blackberry-bush very bare indeed; and unless Sack Scatterbrain has swinging interest, the pension may not be such an easy thing."

"But still O'Grady has shown himself not my friend."

"My dear squire, don't be so hot: he has not *shown* himself yet——"

"Well, but he means it."

"My dear squire, you oughtn't to jump a conclusion like a twelve-foot drain, or a five-bar gate."

"Well, he's a blackguard."

"No denying it; and therefore keep him on your side, if you can, or he'll be a troublesome customer on the other."

"I'll keep no terms with him;—I'll slap at him directly. What can you do that's wickedest?—latitat, capias—fee-faw-fum, or whatever you call it."

"Hollo! squire, you're overrunning your game: maybe, after all, he *won't* join the Scatterbrains, and——"

"I tell you it's no matter: he intended doing it, and that's all the same. I'll slap at him,—I'll blister him!"

Murtough Murphy wondered at this blind fury of the squire, who, being a good-humored and good-natured fellow in general, puzzled the attorney the more by his present manifest malignity, against O'Grady. But *he* had not seen the turn-over of the letter; he had not seen "*bladdher*,"—the real and secret cause of the "war to the knife" spirit which was kindled in the squire's breast.

"Of course you can do what you please; but, if you'd take a friend's advice——"

"I tell you I'll blister him."

"He certainly *bled* you very freely."

"I'll blister him, I tell you, and that smart. Lose no time, Murphy, my boy: let loose the dogs of law on him, and harass him till he'd wish the devil had him."

"Just as you like; but——"

"I'll have it my own way, I tell you; so say no more."

"I'll commence against him at once then, as you wish it; but it's no use, for you know very well that it will be impossible to serve him."

"Let me alone for that: I'll be bound I'll find fellows to get the inside of him."

"Why, his house is barricaded like a jail, and he has dogs enough to bait all the bulls in the country."

"No matter; just send me the blister for him, and I'll engage I'll stick it on him."

"Very well, squire; you shall have the blister as soon as it can be got ready. I'll tell you whenever you may send over to me for it, and your messenger shall have it hot and warm for him. Good bye, squire."

"Good bye, Murphy!—lose no time."

"In the twinkling of a bed-post. Are you going to Tom Durfy's steeple-chase?"

"I'm not sure."

"I've a bet on it. Did you see the Widow Flanagan lately? You didn't? They say Tom's pushing it strong there. The widow has money, you know, and Tom does it all for the love o' God; for you know, squire, there are two things God hates,—a coward and a poor man. Now, Tom's no coward; and, that he may be sure of the love o' God on the other score, he's making up to the widow; and, as he's a slashing fellow, she's nothing loth, and, for fear of any one cutting him out, Tom keeps as sharp a look-out after her as she does after him. He's fierce on it, and looks pistols at any one that attempts putting his *romether* on the widow, while she looks "as soon as you plaze," as plain as an optical lecture can enlighten the heart of man: in short, Tom's all ram's horns, and the widow all sheep's eyes. Good bye, squire!" and Murtough put spurs to his horse and cantered down the avenue singing.

Andy was sent over to Murtough Murphy's for the law process at the appointed time; and, as he had to pass through the village, Mrs. Egan desired him to call at the apothecary's for some medicine that was prescribed for one of the children.

"What'll I ax for, ma'am?"

"I'd be sorry to trust to you. Andy, for remembering. Here's the prescription; take great care of it, and Mr. M'Grane will give you something to bring back; and mind, if it's a powder, don't let it get wet as you did the sugar the other day."

"No, ma'am."

"And if it's a bottle, don't break it as you did the last."

"No, ma'am."

"And make haste."

"Yis, ma'am;" and off went Andy.

In going through the village, he forgot to leave the prescription at the apothecary's, and pushed on for the attorney's: there he saw Murtough Murphy, who handed him the law process, enclosed in a cover, with a note to the squire.

"Have you been doing anything very clever lately, Andy?" said Murtough.

"I don't know, sir," said Andy.

"Did you shoot any one with soda-water since I saw you last?"

Andy grinned.

"Did you kill any more dogs lately, Andy?"

"Faix, you're too hard on me, sir; sure I never killed but one dog, and that was an accident——"

"An accident!—D—n your impudence, you thief! Do you think, if you killed one of the pack on purpose, we wouldn't cut the very heart out o' you with our hunting-whips?"

"Faith, I wouldn't doubt you, sir; but, sure, how could I help that divil of a mare runnin' away wid me, and thramplin' the dogs?"

"Why did'nt you hold her, you thief?"

"Hould her, indeed!—you just might as well expect to stop fire among flax as that one."

"Well, be off with you now, Andy, and take care of what I gave you for the squire.

"Oh, never fear, sir," said Andy, as he turned his horse's head homeward. He stopped at the apothecary's in the village to execute his commission for the "misthis." On telling the son of Galen that he wanted some physic "for one o' the children up at the big house," the dispenser of the healing art asked *what* physic he wanted.

"Faith, I dunna what physic."

"What's the matter with the child?"

"He's sick, sir."

"I suppose so, indeed, or you wouldn't be sent for medicine.—You're always making some blunder. You come here, and don't know what description of medicine is wanted."

"Don't I?" said Andy with a great air.

"No, you don't, you omadhaun!" said the apothecary.

Andy fumbled in his pockets, and could not lay hold of the paper his mistress entrusted him with until he had emptied them thoroughly of their contents upon the counter of the shop; and then taking the prescription from the collection, he said, "So you tell me I don't know the description of the physic I'm to get. Now, you see you're out; for *that's* the *description*." And he slapped the counter impressively with his hand, as he threw down the recipe before the apothecary.

While the medicine was in the course of preparation for Andy, he commenced restoring to his pockets the various parcels he had taken from them in hunting for the recipe. Now, it happened that he had laid them down close beside some articles that were compounded, and sealed up for going out, on the apothecary's counter; and as the law process which Andy had received from Murtough Murphy chanced to resemble in form another enclosure that lay beside it, containing a blister, Andy, under the influence of his peculiar genius, popped the blister into his pocket instead of the packet which had been confided to him by the attorney, and having obtained the necessary medicine from M'Grane, rode home with great self-complacency that he had not forgot to do a single thing that had been entrusted to him: "I'm all right this time," said Andy to himself.

Scarcely had he left the apothecary's shop, when another messenger alighted at its door, and asked "If Squire O'Grady's things *was* ready?"

"There they are," said the innocent M'Grane, pointing to the bottles, boxes, and *blister* he had made up and set aside, little dreaming that the blister had been exchanged for a law process; and Squire O'Grady's own messenger popped into his pocket the legal instrument, that it was as much as any seven men's lives were worth to bring within gun-shot of Neck-or-nothing Hall.

Home he went, and the sound of the old gate creaking on its hinges at the entrance to the avenue, awoke the deep-mouthed dogs around the house, who rushed infuriated to the spot to devour the unholy intruder on the peace and privacy of the patrician O'Grady; but they recognized the old grey hack and his rider, and quietly wagged their tails and trotted back, and licked their lips at the thoughts of the bailiff they had hoped to eat. The door of Neck-or-nothing Hall was carefully unbarred and unchained, and the nurse-tender was handed the parcel from the apothecary's, and re-ascended to the sick-room with slippered foot as quietly as she could: for the renowned O'Grady was, according to her account, "as cross as two sticks;" and she protested, furthermore, "that her heart was grey with him."

Mrs. O'Grady was near the bed of the sick man as the nurse-tender entered.

"Here's the things for your honor now," said she in her most soothing tone.

"I wish the d—l had you and them!" said O'Grady.

"Gusty, dear!" said his wife. She might have said stormy instead of gusty.

"Oh! they'll do you good, your honor," said the nurse-tender, curtseying, and uncorking bottles, and opening a pill-box.

"Curse them all!" said the squire. "A pretty thing to have a gentleman's body made a perfect sink for these blackguard doctors and apothecaries to pour their dirty stuff into—faugh!"

"Now, sir, dear, there's a little blisther just to go on your chest—if you plaze——"

"A *what?*"

"A warm plasther, dear."

"A *blister* you said, you old *divil!*"

"Well, sure, it's something to relieve you."

The squire gave a deep growl, and his wife put in the usual appeal of "Gusty, dear!"

"Hold your tongue, will you? how would *you* like it? I wish you had it on your——"

"Deed-an-deed, dear,—" said the nurse-tender.

"By the 'ternal war! if you say another word I'll throw the jug at you!"

"And there's a nice dhrop o' gruel I have on the fire for you," said the nurse, pretending not to mind the rising anger of the squire, as she stirred the gruel with one hand, while with the other she marked herself with the sign of the cross, and said in a mumbling manner, "God presarve us! he's the most cantankerous Christian I ever kem across!"

"Show me that infernal thing!" said the squire.

"What thing, dear?"

"You know well enough, you old hag!—that blackguard blister!"

"Here it is, dear, Now, just open the brust o' your shirt, and let me put it an you."

"Give it into my hand here, and let me see it."

"Sartinly, sir;—but I think, if you'd let me just——"

"Give it to me, I tell you!" said the squire, in a tone so fierce that the nurse paused in her unfolding of the packet, and handed it with fear and trembling to the already indignant O'Grady. But it is only imagination can figure the outrageous fury of the squire, when, on opening the envelope with his own hand, he beheld the law process before him. There, in the heart of his castle, with his bars, and bolts, and bull-dogs, and blunderbusses round him, he was served—absolutely served,—and he had no doubt the nurse-tender was bribed to betray him.

A roar and a jump up in bed first startled his wife into terror, and put the nurse on the defensive.

"You infernal old strap!" shouted he, as he clutched up a handful of bottles on the table near him, and flung them at the nurse, who was near the fire at the time; and she whipped the pot of gruel from the grate, and converted it into a means of defence against the phial-pelting storm.

Mrs. O'Grady rolled herself up in the bed-curtains, while the nurse screeched "murther!" and at last, when O'Grady saw that bottles were of no avail, he scrambled out of bed, shouting, "Where's my blunderbuss?" and the nurse-tender, while he endeavored to get it down from the rack, where it was suspended over the mantel piece, bolted out of the door, which she locked on the outside, and ran to the most remote corner of the house for shelter.

In the meantime, how fared it at Merryvale? Andy returned with his parcel for the squire, and his note from Murtough Murphy, which ran thus:—

"My Dear Squire,—I send you the *blister* for O'Grady, as you insist on it; but I think you won't find it easy to serve him with it.

"Your obedient and obliged,
Murtough Murphy.

"*To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale.*"

The squire opened the cover, and when he saw a real instead of a figurative blister, grew crimson with rage. He could not speak for some minutes, his indignation was so excessive. "So!" said he at last, "Mr. Murtough Murphy—you think to cut your jokes with me, do you? By all that's sacred! I'll cut such a joke on you with the biggest horsewhip I can find, that you'll remember it. '*Dear squire, I send you the blister.*' Bad luck to your impidence! Wait till awhile ago—that's all. By this and that, you'll get such a blistering from me, that all the spermaceti in M'Grane's shop won't cure you."

Bentley's (London) Miscellany, edited by "Boz," for March, 1837.

THE ELOPEMENT.

A TRANSCRIPT.—BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

The doctor tells me I must take no wine. Pshaw! It is not that which mounts into my brain; and sometimes— but I must not wander— wine is the best corrector of these fancies. One bottle more of sober claret, and I shall be able to finish before midnight the brief sketch of my life which I promised Travers long ago.

It were worse than useless to set down any particulars of my boyhood. An only son is usually a spoiled one, and that which is so easy and delightful a task to most parents, was by no means difficult or unpleasant to mine; and yet, to do myself justice, I believe I was not more conceited, insolent, selfish, and rapacious than others are during those days of innocence, as they are called,—those days of innocence which form the germ of that noble and disinterested creature, man.

At the age of three-and-twenty I succeeded to my father's estate. It was to divert a sense of loneliness which beset me, that I plunged into—as they term it, but the phrase is a wrong one—that I ventured upon the course of folly and dissipation into which so many young men of fortune like myself hurry themselves, or are led, or are driven. But why recount these scenes of pleasure—so called, or miscalled—whose reaction is utter weariness, satiety, and disgust?

I was at the theatre one night, when the friend who accompanied me directed my attention to a very lovely girl, who, with her mother and a party of friends, occupied the next box. She was, certainly, the loveliest creature my eyes had ever lighted upon; with a sylph-like form, (that is the usual phrase, I believe), wanting, perhaps, that complete roundness of limb which is considered essential to perfect beauty in a woman—but she was barely sixteen—and yet suggesting, too, the idea of consummate symmetry. Her face—but who can describe beauty? who even can paint it? Let any man look at the finest attempts to achieve this impossibility by the old masters, and then let him compare them with the faces he has seen, and may see every day. Heavens! what insanities! Can a man paint a soul upon canvass? And yet the artist talks of his "expression."

I watched her closely during the performance—Indeed I had no power to withdraw my gaze from her; and once or twice her eyes met mine, and I thought I could perceive she was not altogether displeased at my attention. Her confusion betrayed that to me, and in one short hour I was a lost man.

When the play was over, I framed a miserable excuse, which I thought at the time a most ingenious one, to my friend for not accompanying him home to supper, as I had promised; and hastening after my unknown and her mother, who had left the box, was just in time to see them enter a coach. I contrived to keep pace with it, and saw it deposit its beautiful freight at a house in a small private street near Portman Square.

I could laugh—unaccustomed as I am even to private laughing now-a-days—when I think, as I do sometimes, on those days of sentiment. It were as futile to attempt to renew that sentiment after thirty, as to strive to recal those days, and to bid them stand in next year's calendar. The green wood is out of the tree by that time; and the trunk becomes hard, and gnarled and stubborn. Now is the time to enjoy life. At five-and-thirty the blood and the brain act in concert, and the heart beats not one pulse the quicker, while they do their spiriting—not gently always.—To return.

I went home that night altogether an altered man, and rose next morning from a sleepless bed, absorbed with the one idea which had worked so miraculous a change within me. All that day, almost without intermission, did I pace up and down the street in the hope of seeing her; but in vain. Not once did she approach the window; and I did not deem it prudent to question one of the servants who came out of the house several times during the day. I betook myself, therefore, towards evening, to a green-grocer's shop in the neighborhood; and the purchase of some fruit gave me a privilege to indulge in a little chat with the good old woman who conducted the business. I affected to be chiefly solicitous respecting the elderly lady, whom I had seen by chance, and believed to be a friend of my father, but whose name I could not, for the life of me, remember. The old woman smiled at my shallow artifice, but proceeded to inform me that the elderly lady was the widow of an officer who had been killed in the Peninsular War, leaving an only daughter, at that period an infant. I begged pardon—the name? did she know the daughter's name?

"Oh yes! it was Isabella Denham."

It was an era in my life, the first sound of that name. I thanked my kind informant, and withdrew.

I need not tell how unremittingly, and for how many weeks I paced up and down that street, with various success; how regularly I attended the church she frequented; and how at length I obtained an introduction to the family.

I found Isabella Denham more captivating than the accumulated fancies and self-willed convictions of months had pictured her to me. It is no unusual result in such cases; but whether it be that the object transcends the imagination, or that the imagination subserves the object, I know not. It was so, however; for feeling upon these occasions takes the place of reason, which is an impertinence.

Let me be just. I think, had I loved Isabella Denham less, I should equally have admired her. She had a mind and a heart; she was accomplished; she was beautiful, gentle, and good; and she loved me. Yes, she loved me. I believed it then, and I am certain of it now. How I loved her, she never knew: that was for Time to show, and he has shown it.

I offered her my hand in due time, and was accepted. How I despised the sneers and banter of some of my friends who could not conceive the idea of a marriage with fortune on one side, and none on the other, and yet were endeavoring at the same time to effect an engagement of a similar nature in their own favor! How I disregarded the gratuitous advice of sundry of my officious relatives, who thought that all love had died when their own gave up the ghost, and who sometimes prophecied truly because they were always prognosticating evil!

We were at length married; and the close of the fourth year saw no diminution of our happiness. We were domestic enough without seclusion, and went into as much company as sufficed to make us feel that home was the happiest place after all. One circumstance had contributed to augment my felicity—the birth of a son, which took place about a year after our marriage.

I know not what some people mean, who tell you that when a man becomes married, love subsides into affection, and friendship takes the place of passion. It was not so with me. I loved the wife as much as I had adored the mistress. To make her happy was myself to be so; and to have made her so, I would have laid down my life. Some, indeed, hinted that I indulged her too much—that I let her have her own way in everything. And why not? Did I marry to make my wife the creature, or the slave, of some system of management, rule of action, or principle of conduct? phrases which I abhor. No—no; be they as wise as they will, I was right. I am convinced of it. *That* was not the cause. We were happy.

It was by the merest chance that I one day encountered Hastings in the street—my friend Hastings. We had been companions at Eton, and at college our intimacy had grown into friendship. Were I now asked for what particular quality of mind or heart I had chosen Hastings for a friend, I should find some difficulty in answering the question. He was what is termed "a good-natured fellow;" there was nothing gross or offensive in his gaiety, and he was always the same. His feelings never led him to make a fool of himself, which is much to say of a young man. They might be called good *plated* feelings, which answered the purpose well enough, and sometimes passed for more costly articles. It is much, after all, to possess a friend between whom and yourself you can draw comparisons favorable to the latter, and who is perfectly content that you should do so.

He dined with me on the next day. His powers of conversation were certainly much improved since we had last talked together. He could turn the most superficial reading to admirable account; and so minute was his observation, and so faithfully and graphically could he describe manners, and the surface motives of men, that it almost appeared like a profound knowledge of mankind. Isabella was pleased with his society; and after she had retired to the drawing-room, my friend expatiated somewhat at large upon her beauty and elegance, and, above all, upon the good sense which characterised her. I need hardly say that I also was delighted with him, and when we shook hands for the night, I could have hugged the man for his glowing eulogy. I almost loved every one who admired her. I was too weak—too weak.

He visited us often, for his time was altogether his own. He was living upon expectancy, and accordingly had more leisure than money. At various periods I pressed him to make my purse his own, and he did so. I had, indeed more money at my disposal than I cared for, or knew what to do with; and at that time I thought, when I served a friend, that I had found the best employment of it. It is strange—and yet, perhaps, it is not by any means strange—how men alter in this particular as they grow older. The heart-strings and the purse-strings are not so easily drawn then.

Well, I was his banker, and felt myself sufficiently repaid by his society. About this time, also, I was greatly occupied in business of a somewhat troublesome nature, to conclude which it was necessary that I should visit my estate. My probable term of absence was to be about six weeks. The fashionable season was in its meridian, and I could not be cruel enough to ask Isabella to accompany me. She had latterly taken more pleasure in parties, balls, and concerts than heretofore. Perhaps I had kept her too close; we were too domestic. After all, it was not the way of the world. I thought so, and Hastings agreed with me;—I would see it reformed altogether when I returned.

In the mean while I begged Hastings to look in now and then, and see that she was not lonely and out of spirits. It was natural to expect that my first absence from her would cause her to feel so. He promised to do as I requested, and I set off into the country, where I was detained more than two months; and at length, finding myself released from an irksome attendance on very unpleasant business, I took post-horses, and with all the ardor of a lover returned to London.

I returned to London.—

I remember the minutest particulars of that scene so well! Not a tittle of it has escaped my memory—not a word, not a syllable! It will never depart from my mind—from my soul!

When the porter opened the door, I hastened through the hall, and sprang up stairs into the drawing-room. She was not there; but my little boy, hearing my well-known footstep, came from the adjoining room and ran towards me. I caught him in my arms, and gave him a thousand kisses.

"Well, my dear little fellow, and where is mamma?"

"Not here—not here," said the boy, looking around; "but I'm so glad you've come back!"

Isabella was gone out, doubtless. I rang the bell. I did not observe Mrs. Martin, the house-keeper, enter the room,—I was still caressing the child.

"Ha! Mrs. Martin—But what's the matter? You look ill.—Where is Mrs. Saville?"

The woman spoke not, but trembled violently, and turned very pale. I motioned her to take a seat. She did so.

"My dear madame, you alarm me," said I. "Is anything wrong—your mistress——"

Tears were streaming down the woman's face, as she arose suddenly, and with her hands clasped before her she came towards me.

"Oh, sir! bear it like a man," she cried, weeping bitterly;—"do bear it like a man, sir! That I should live to tell you this!—I, who have carried you in these arms, and have prayed a thousand times for your happiness when I should be dead and gone!"

She paused. Perhaps my face revealed the sickness of heart which at that moment overcame me. I could not rise from my seat; I could not lift the child from my knee, as he lay upon my bosom with his head pressed against my heart.

"Merciful Heaven!—Isabella is ill—she is dying!—at once, at once tell me——"

"No, no," said the woman bitterly, "she is not ill or dying. Mr. Saville, I durst not tell you my suspicions before you left town—I durst not, sir. For mercy's sake compose yourself! My mistress left this house last Tuesday night with Mr. Hastings."

That horrible shriek still rings in my ears. I remember thrusting the child from me, and elasping my head with my hands; and then I was smitten down—struck to the earth—worse than dead—oh, how much worse than dead!"

It was a long, long, hideous dream that succeeded, full of woe, and lamentations, and weeping, and curses, and despair. But I awoke at last from that dream. Where was I? It was a very narrow, but lofty room; the walls were whitewashed, and there was one small window about twelve feet from the floor. I was seated on a low truckle-bed; and as I turned my eyes from the light of the window they fell upon my hands, which were laid before me. Around my wrists there were deep marks, as though they had been tied together with cords; and when I moved, a sharp pain went round me, like a girdle. But the rope had been loosened, and was no longer about me. A man entered the room.

"How do you feel yourself now?" said he, laying his hand upon my shoulder.

I looked up. Methought I recognised the voice, and the face was almost familiar to me, and repulsively so.

"I am well—very well," I answered. "Where am I?"

The man said nothing, but silently left the room, presently returning with a gentleman, of whom, as of the man, I had an indistinct remembrance.

"You will be better soon, sir," said this person kindly, as he felt my pulse; and he turned towards the man, and spoke to him in an under tone. "Let him be kept very quiet," was all I heard, and he retired shortly after.

Yes:—I had been mad—raving mad—for two years, and was now slowly struggling back into consciousness. Feeble glimmerings of the past came upon me at first, and then farther half-revelations were extended to me; until at length *the cause* dimly and remotely, but gradually nearer and more near, stood before me like a curse. It is well for me that I did not then relapse into madness; but I wrestled with it, I overcame it, and in a month was taken away in my own physician's carriage, and brought back home. Home? that had been destroyed.

My friend, Dr. Herbert, was, and is, the best fellow breathing. He devoted for some weeks nearly the whole of his time to me. He endeavored to draw my mind away from the one subject, which might, he thought, if entertained, once more overthrow my reason. He was mistaken. The very endeavor to discard that memory, as often as it recurred, would soon have distracted me. I encouraged it, therefore, and was strengthened by it; my mind throve upon it—it was a comfort to me.

The many slight indications of an attachment—of a passion—between *her* and this man Hastings—and they must have been but slight indications,—were presented to me now grossly and palpably. I could see them all—they stung me; and I would curse my fool's nature that was blind, and would not see and provide against the consequence. And why did I curse my easy nature?—Could I have borne to live a wretched turnkey, a miserable listener to key-holes, a dealer out of "punishment, the drudgery of devils?" Did I marry to suspect virtue, or control vice? Neither; and I was glad that, when they did wrong me, they permitted me to know it. These thoughts never affected my brain;—there was no fear of that. I thought no longer from the brain; these thoughts were in my heart, and never moved thence.

One evening, as I was ascending the stairs, I overheard the child inquiring of one of the servants "who that white-haired gentleman was, and why he lived in the house?" I had hitherto refused to see the child; but I now rang the bell, and ordered the housekeeper, who constantly waited upon me, to bring him to me.

He was much grown since I had last seen him, and was a fine boy. He did not know me, and was first fearful of approaching me; but I induced him to sit upon my knee, and, putting his hair from the forehead, asked him if he would not give me a kiss. As he lifted his face, and looked up at me—that look! his very mother was gazing through those eyes! A sudden faintness possessed me. I lifted the child gently from my knee, and motioned the housekeeper to take him from my sight. I did not see him again.

But there was comfort still:—Hastings was in London—I was certain of it.

And so he was. One night, about a fortnight after my return to town from Paris, where I was told he had been seen, and where I had sought him in vain, I was proceeding home, baffled in my endeavors to discover him in some of his old haunts which I had ascertained after many fruitless inquiries. I was walking rapidly down a miserable street in the vicinity of Clare market, when a squalid wretch, issuing from a public house, came in contact with me. I think no human being in the world would have recognised him but myself. Hideously changed as he was, I knew him instantly. The half-shriek that burst from him as he recoiled from me, showed that he had recognised me also. The struggle was a short one; I had omitted to put my pistols in my pocket on that evening. With what a savage triumph, when I had dashed him on the pavement, did I stamp upon the prostrate carcass of the groaning wretch! but my joy was brief; for I was suddenly seized by three or four men, who held me firmly by the arms. I could not get at him. Heedless of my ravings, they assisted the miscreant to rise, who, casting one glance of terror towards me, darted down an alley, and was lost to me for ever. He had escaped me.

How I reached home I know not. Herbert, who visited me next morning, forbade me to rise from my bed. He said my brain was unsettled, and I believe it was. But I was well again in a month.

The one idea pervaded my whole being when I arose from my bed. My rencontre with Hastings had whetted my appetite for revenge so deeply, that no reason, no thought, no feeling could control me. He was evidently in a state of the most abject beggary and want. That conviction did not disarm me; it rendered me only the more determined and inflexible.

I went forth one evening, and with much difficulty discovered the public-house from which I had seen him emerge on *that* night. From the landlord I obtained every particular I required to know. Hastings, had, it seemed, changed his name:—it was now Harris. He resided in one small room on the first floor of a house in a filthy court hard by; that is, if he had not left the neighborhood, for the man had not seen him for a month past.

It was well. I drank two glasses of brandy, for it was a cold night, and proceeded towards my destination. I found it easily. There was a light in the window, and, from the reflection of a man's figure on the wall, I judged he was at home. The house-door was open, and I entered the narrow passage. At that moment I trembled, and for an instant could not proceed. No: it was not that which made me tremble; I knew, and was prepared for, what I had to do. It was the other,—it was that face which I feared I could not bear to behold.

This was, as I have said, the weakness of a moment. I mounted the stairs, and burst into the room suddenly. A man and a woman were seated at a small fire, who rose abruptly on my entrance. It was not Harris and—his wife.

"Where is the man—Hastings?" I exclaimed, addressing the old couple.

As I uttered these words, a loud shriek proceeded from a bed behind me, and a female dropt upon the floor. I knew that voice,—I knew it well;—but it did not move me.

"Mrs. Harris is ill," said the old woman; "permit us to pass you, sir;—it is one of the fits to which she is subject."

I allowed the woman to step by me, who, raising the lifeless form beside her, drew it into an adjoining room.

"What do you want, sir? what is your business here?" inquired the man.

I placed one hand into my coat-pocket and grasped a pistol, and with the other seized the man by the collar.

"Where is Harris?" said I. "You had best tell me; you are a dead man else. He is hid somewhere—he is below, in the house—where is he?"

"He is there," gasped the man; and he pointed towards the bed, upon which a body was lying, covered with a linen cloth.

I sank upon a chair. Hastings had indeed escaped me, and for ever. I was left alone, for the man had hurried from the room. I cannot describe the agony of feeling which I underwent during the next half-hour. I took the light, and, walking to the bed, drew the linen cloth from the face of the corpse.

How awful! how mysterious is the power of death! The man who had insulted, who had wronged, who had betrayed me,—whose ingratitude—of all crimes the vilest and the basest—had inverted my very soul,—this man lay before me, cold, serene, tranquil, miserable, callously insensible,—and yet I had no power to curse him. There was no serenity, no tranquillity upon the face, when I gazed upon it more closely. The brow was corrugated, the cheeks collapsed, and the eyelids sunken; and there was the soul's torture, as it left a tortured body impressed upon the face. Enough to have mitigated a more implacable hatred than mine!

I left the room, and walked down stairs. As I proceeded along the passage, the man whom I had before seen came out of a lower room, and opened the door for me. I was about to depart, when he caught me gently but firmly by the arm.

"Oh, sir!" said he earnestly, "do not leave the house without seeing Mrs. Harris. She has relapsed into another fit; but when she comes to herself, it will be a comfort to her to see a friend of her husband You knew him, sir, when living; and for his sake, perhaps—" the man paused for a moment, and continued—"you have a benevolent heart, sir,—I am sure you have,—and if you knew all, even though he may have wronged you——"

It was an unseasonable time for an appeal of this nature. The passions that had been forced back upon my heart had yet scarce begun to subside, but I spoke calmly.

"You will tell her Mr. Saville has been here;" and I was going.

"Mr. Saville?" repeated the man. "Oh, sir, we have heard that name mentioned frequently of late. You will come again, or send, perhaps;—will you not, sir?"

"She will know where to find me, should she wish to see me, which I think is hardly probable;" and with a cold "good night" I left him.

I called upon Herbert on my way home, and told all that had taken place. He was surprised and shocked.

"Saville," said he, after a long pause, during which he had been absorbed in reflection, "this cursed affair is destroying you. I am a plain man. You may shake your head, and tell me coolly and calmly that you have ceased to feel the injury which is all the while preying upon you. It is that calmness which I fear most; it will kill you, or worse than that—you understand me. You must pursue this matter no farther. The man is dead, and your wife—— Well," he resumed, "I beg your pardon; I was wrong to call her by that name. May I speak plainly?"

"You may."

"She is evidently in a state of want—of destitution. This must not be. You must allow her—settle upon her—enough to rescue her from poverty and its temptations. She must not starve;—I see you could not bear that. And you must forget her. It will not do to see a young man like yourself sacrificed, self-sacrificed, to the villainy of a scoundrel. I will say no more, Saville. Vice has too much homage paid to her when an honorable man is made her victim."

Herbert was right—he was always so. No, no;—she must not starve. That were indeed a miserable triumph to me. I went to my solicitor on the next morning, and a deed was made out, settling a competence upon her, and I sent with it as much money as she could require for immediate exigencies. And I was resolved that I would forget her. The worst was past, and time and occupation would do much, and I would think this misery down. But the worst was not yet past.

I was informed, one morning, that a woman in the hall desired to speak with me. Concluding that she was one of the many who are accustomed to wait upon the wealthy with petitions, I ordered the servant to admit her. A woman meanly dressed, and whose countenance was concealed, moved towards me, and sinking upon her knees, with her palms pressed together and raised towards me, looked up into my face. Madness in me, and misery and famine in her, must have wrought more strongly, if that were possible, than they had done, could I have failed to recognise that face instantly. Her lips moved—she would have spoken, but she had no power to speak—and with a deep and heavy groan she fell upon the floor before me. I rang the bell violently. A servant entered the room.

"Send Mrs. Martin to me instantly. Mrs. Martin," said I, as the woman hastened into the room, "let Dr. Herbert be sent for immediately. You must take care of her. See that she wants nothing."

"Gracious God! it is my mistress!" said the woman, as she raised her head upon her knee. "You will let her remain in the house, Mr. Saville?—in one of the upper rooms?"

"In her own room, Mrs. Martin.—I commit her to you. When she recovers, we can make other arrangements."

It is out of the power of fortune or of fate to excite such feelings within me now as pressed upon my heart for some days after this scene. I thank God for it. Human strength or weakness could not again endure so dreadful a conflict of brute passion and of human feeling. That piteous face raised to mine would not depart from me. That she should kneel,—that she should have been degraded abjectly to crouch before me for forgiveness, for pardon, for the vilest pity—and that I should know and feel that the base expiation was the poorest recompense—oh! I cannot pursue this farther.

Some days after this—in was on a Sunday forenoon—Mrs. Martin entered the room. She took a seat opposite to me.

"I am come to speak with you, Mr. Saville," she said.

"Well, madam, proceed."

"Mrs. Saville, my mistress, sir, is dying."

I spoke not for some minutes, although I was not altogether unprepared for a communication of this nature.

"You will take the child to her, madam; she will wish to see him."

"Oh, sir, she has seen him every day since she came here, and he is with her now. You will not be offended, sir, if I tell you that she has seen him many times within the last two years. Yes, sir, when you were——"

"Mad madame!—speak plainly!—I *was* mad."

"She came, sir, to me, and fell at my feet, imploring to see the child, and I could not refuse her. I could not bear that my mistress should kneel to me, and not be permitted to behold her own son;" and here the woman wept bitterly.

"It is very well," said I, after a pause; "I do not blame you. It is better, perhaps, that it should have been so."

"Could I prevail upon you, sir?" she continued, wiping her eyes; "might I be so bold as to hope——"

I anticipated the woman's thoughts.

"She has expressed no wish that I should see her, Mrs. Martin."

"She does not mention your name even to me," said she; "but she must not die without seeing you;—she *must* not, Mr. Saville."

My nature at times was changed from what it had been since I was released from the mad-house. I cast a glance at the woman, which she understood and feared.

"Mention not this subject again, madam, and leave me. I would be alone."

I was disturbed by what the housekeeper had told me. She was dying. It was well. I wished her to die. I felt that until she was dead, my heart could not be brought to forgive her.

I walked out, and bent my steps towards the lodging which Hastings had formerly occupied. I found the woman of the house at home, and, with a calmness which I have since marvelled at, I drew from her all the particulars of their sojourn at her house. They had been living with her about ten months before the death of Hastings, who, she understood, had been entirely deserted by his relations, but why she knew not. About a month previous to the decease of Hastings, he came home one night, saying that he had been waylaid by a ruffian and much injured, and he had never risen from his bed again.

I ventured to ask "if Mr. Harris and his wife lived happily together?"

The woman shook her head. "There was a strange mystery about them," said she, "which I never could rightly make out. She was ever gentle and obedient; but still there was something unlike a wife, I used to think, whenever she addressed him. And he, sir—poor man! we should not speak ill of the dead—but when he came home—from the gaming-house, we often thought—how he used to strike and beat her, telling her to go to her Mr. Saville! He was jealous of you, sir, I suppose, but I am certain without cause; for she was an angel, sir, if ever angel was born upon this earth.—But you are ill, sir. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," said I, rising suddenly; "I am better now; and pressing my purse upon the woman, I rushed from the house.

God of justice! how dreadful is thy vengeance, and how thou oft-times makest the sinner work out his own punishment! I thought not of the wife at first—I thought of Isabella Denham. My heart dwelt upon her once more as I had first beheld her at the theatre,—the young, the lovely, the innocent being of former days. I remembered when but to see her for a moment at the window was happiness unspeakable—when even the pressure of her hand in mine was a blessing and a delight to me. And to think that this creature, who had lain in my bosom, who had been tended, watched, almost served, with a degree of love akin to idolatry—who had never seen one glance of unkindness from me, who had heard no tone from my lips save of affection—too often of foolish weakness;—to think that this creature should have become the slave, the drudge—the spurned and beaten drudge of a brutal miscreant—the thought was too horrible!

I had scarcely entered my own house when Mrs. Martin sought me.

"For mercy's sake, sir," she said in agitation, "come and take your last leave of my mistress. She is dying, and has prayed to see you once more."

I followed her in silence. I met Herbert at the door of the room. "I am glad you are come," said he. He was in tears.

"I am too weak, Herbert; am I not?"

He pressed my hand—"No, no,"—and he left me.

I entered the room, and sat down by her side. She spoke not for some minutes.

"I wished to see you once more, Mr. Saville," she said at length in a low tone, and without raising her eyes to my face, "to implore, not your pardon, for that I dare not expect; but that you will not curse my memory when I am gone. You would not, Edward,"—and she tremblingly touched my hand as it lay upon the bed—"if you knew all, or if I could tell you all."

I answered something, but I know not what.

"I have been guilty," she resumed, "but I did not meditate guilt. Heaven is my witness that I speak the truth. I was betrayed;—and the rest was fear, and frenzy, and despair!"

I could conceive that now—I could believe it:—I did believe it,—and I was human. I took both her hands in mine; "Look at me, Isabella! look in my face!"

She did so, but with hesitation, and as she did so she started.—"Nay we are both altered; but other miseries might have done this. I forgive you from my heart and from my soul. As we first met, so shall we now part. All shall be forgotten—all is forgiven. God bless you!"

These words had killed her. Her eyes dwelt upon me for one moment with their first sweetness in them;—a sigh—and earth alone remained!

Bentley's (London) Miscellany, edited by "Boz," for Feb., 1837.

THE MAID OF MARTINIQUE.

A lovely morning in October, 17—, was rendered a gloomy one to the inhabitants of Martinique. Repeated injuries inflicted by the ruling powers, coupled with a burning desire among ambitious and perhaps patriotic men, to crush foreign influence upon their beautiful isle, and to govern themselves a free and independent people, had long rendered a residence there precarious. On the morning in question, the banner of revolt was seen floating in proud defiance upon the walls of the Castle of Fort Royal; in the far distance the smoke of villages showed the track of the merciless demon of insurrection. Every vessel in the harbor of Fort Royal was crowded with refugees, who, having hastily collected their most valuable effects, had fled before the tide of destruction which was rolling fearfully before that ill-starred island. Among them was a merchant of high repute, who, with his wife and daughter, a beautiful girl of about fifteen, took passage for France, whither on the following day the vessel sailed. Fair winds gave them a quick passage to Cape de Verds, and after a tarry of a day or two, they weighed anchor for Havre. At dawn on the second morning after their departure, they espied a dark looking brig bearing down upon them, and as the sun rose above the horizon, it portrayed to them the truth that an Algerine Corsair was their early visiter. So much was the high seas infested at that time with pirates, that every vessel went prepared for an encounter. Immediate preparations were made for a contest, should the corsair overtake them, and all sails were spread to the breezes.

The pirate came on—the contest was fearful—the father and mother were murdered—and the beautiful orphan was made the prize of a band of ruffians. In a few days they made the Barbary coast, and she was sold to the Bey of Tunis for ten thousand sequins. The prediction of a fortune teller, years before, that she would one day wear the coronet of a queen, impressed on her mind with a conviction of its truth, which spread a halo of light around her amid the darkness of the worst of slavery. Her beauty made her a favorite, and about two years afterwards Sultan Mustapha carried her in triumph to Constantinople. Her beauty, her virtues, her ample powers to please, made her the exalted favorite of the imperial Seraglio, and she became the honored Sultana. Then indeed were the predictions of her destiny verified, and she wore her crown as queen of the Ottoman empire. Mahmoud II., the present Sultan of Turkey is her son, and to her influence upon his early character, may be attributed his taste for European customs and the frequent innovations which his will has made among the customs of his people.

The last act of importance, and which seems like a great stride towards the elevation of Turkish women to the same station which females hold throughout Christendom, is the opening of the Seraglio, and permitting the women to come in and go out at their pleasure, and enjoy themselves upon the lovely plains which stretch along the banks of the beautiful Bosphorus.

The fate of that young girl was similar to that of Josephine, wife of Napoleon. She too was the subject of a similar prediction; and even when confined by prison bars, and upon the eve of conveyance to the guillotine, that prediction stood up before her with all the brightness and sacredness of truth; and when the downfall of Robespierre caused her prison to be thrown open, 'There,' exclaimed she to madam Fonteroy, a fellow prisoner, 'I told you I should yet be queen of France.' And she was indeed queen not only of France, but of the heart that beat in the bosom of that proud Corsican who swayed its destinies.

New York Packet Race.—Our readers will recollect that we noticed a few weeks ago that a bet of $10,000 had been made on the new packet ship *Sheridan* and the packet *Columbus.* Both vessels sailed for Liverpool from New-York on the 2d of February, and the ship which arrived first at the port of destination was to win. The Columbus won, having arrived at Liverpool on the 18th of February, at 10 o'clock, P.M., making the passage in sixteen days. The Sheridan arrived about 10 o'clock A. M., on the 20th February, losing the race by thirty-six hours.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1837.

A DAY'S SPORT ON LONG ISLAND.

The Spring campaign at the North opened on Tuesday last with a rattling day's sport on the Island, which was participated in by a considerable number of those interested in the success of the turf. The track was heavy, and there were several light showers during the day—enough to dampen anything but the spirits of those in attendance.

The first course in the bill of fare consisted of a match, mile heats, between the 3 yr. old colts of Capt. STOCKTON and JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq. They made a most interesting race, Mr. Stevens's *Octavian* winning the 1st heat, and Capt. Stockton's *Somerset* the 2d and 3d: the first by a throatlatch, and the 2d by the snip of his nose, running under whip and spur both heats. So near a thing has seldom been seen on the Union Course; so far as the comparative merits of the colts are concerned, the flip of a copper might as well have been the trial. Capt. S., in his absence, (which was much regretted,) had luck on his side. Octavian was the favorite before the start, and won the 1st heat by a head and neck, little Ben Reed bringing him through in tip top style for a young 'un. Charley, Capt. S.'s black boy, made his run too early with Somerset, who was outfooted up the straight run home. The 2d heat he rode better, though his seat was unsteady; he seemed perplexed what to do with his heels and hands. Both went away from the score at their best pace, Somerset getting the track on the 1st quarter, and resigning it on the 2d, where Octavian overreached him by half a length. Somerset ran up and challenged on the last turn, and they came to the stand nearly head and head, both well punished. The heat was given to Somerset. Both cooled out well, and in 20 minutes were off for the 3d heat, which was better contested than either of the preceding. Ben Reed was directed to pull to Somerset, and wait upon him until within the draw-gates about three distances from home, instead of which he laid behind too far, and then, frightened at the wide gap, he made his brush too early by at least thirty rods. He collared Somerset on the last quarter—locked him as they came inside the gate, and would have won, notwithstanding the blunder, but that Octavian stumbled near the stand, which lost him the race by about 12 inches.

Somerset is a dark chesnut, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred, who was out of imported Virago, by Sir Peter Teazle; he is a tall, leggy colt, of fine action and appearance, but not superior, except in height, to Octavian, a light sorrel—a compact, well-formed, game-looking colt, of moderate size. Octavian was got by Henry, out of Mr. Stevens' fine old mare Janet, own sister to Sir Charles. He has improved so much since first taken up, that great hopes are formed of him in his stable.

The first course being removed, made way for a more substantial dish, in the shape of a match, mile heats, between Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS' *Tom Moore*, and Mr. ALEX. L. BOTTS' *Veto*. The latter has improved immensely since last Fall, and was in capital condition; had the track been in good order, the time would have been first rate. If Veto was "fine as silk," what shall we say of Tom Moore? We never saw him in more superb racing order, nor were we before so sensibly impressed with the surpassing beauty of his form and action. Having won glory enough as a two mile horse, we trust to see him as to-day, with Gil. Patrick on his back, going for "most of the big things" during the ensuing campaign.

A false start, in which both ran out to the gate, and were called back, was succeeded by a worse, in which Tom Moore had two lengths' advantage. This fact seemed to inspirit Mr. Botts' boy George to "let out all he knew," and well he might, for Gil. Patrick with Tom Moore in hand, was waiting for him, and when *he* waits for company, look out you don't "wake up the wrong passenger." George let his horse go by the head, and giving him the least taste in life of the spur, soon brought him up neck and neck with Tom, and then the fun commenced. George sits his horse beautifully, and while he was finessing to steal a march on the game-chicken whose knees were jostling his own—both horses running a dead lock at a flight of speed,—little Gil. was admiring the cut and colors of his jacket, with his horse "bottled up," ready to be called on. Neck and neck they entered upon the back stretch, and thus they left it, so close together and exactly opposite, that, like the boys shut up one afternoon by the Barkhampstead deacon, they might have cleared fifty cents a-piece by swapping jackets, or matching coppers. George began to feel anxious as they came around upon the straight side home, and set to work in earnest. Heels and hands were busy with Veto, whose lengthened stroke drew him out a head and neck in front, and he began to look like a winner, as he would have been had Tom Moore been in his stable and Gil. Patrick playing marbles, instead of bringing up his horse with a rush, that sent him past the winning stand two or three lengths a-head.

In describing the 1st heat, we have also detailed the running of the 2d; Veto's race would have distinguished him as a perfect leviathan at any of the "soft places," but Tom Moore had the foot of him—the speediest son of Gohanna as he is. The 2d heat was run in 1:54, the course very heavy on the backside, Tom Moore winning handily by two or three lengths.

A post stakes, mile heats, opened a few days previous, to add to the attraction of the day, brought to the post one of the most splendid colts that ever made a track upon the Union Course. We refer to Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' *Dosoris*, the winner of the $15,000 sweepstakes last Spring. His condition was perfect, and a gamer nag to the eye never cut out work for the fast ones. He is in the same stable with that nonpareil *Fanny Wyatt*, and "it takes her" to hurry him two miles, "and she can't hardly;" beyond that distance, his powers are comparatively unknown, but if a colt of surpassing form and action, by Henry, out of the dam of *Goliah*, makes not a race nag, then like begets not like, and the science of breeding is mere moonshine. Dosoris was bred by WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., on Long Island, and sold to Mr. Stevens when six months old, for $1500; (the colts out of Goliah's dam are annually sold to the same gentleman for $1000 when six months old! Will wealthy agriculturists and farmers overlook a fact like this? One brood mare of Mr. Livingston's has earned him $14,000 in the breeding stud, and bids fair to earn nearly as much more! The annual profit upon such a mare is equal to that of a small farm, and yet many a farmer pretends that a sheer want of encouragement prevents his breeding for the turf! We can assure all such that having at this moment a commission to purchase several 3 yr. olds, we have not been able to hear of one untried at the North that can be purchased under $500 cash, while the average price is $1000!) Dosoris is a light chesnut, of fine size, and exceedingly well put together, his form combining the properties for speed and endurance in an eminent degree. His action is superb, and while his general appearance is most noble, and presents even to the unpractised eye the "high mettled racer" in remarkable perfection, his step is light and agile as the mountain deer's.

To meet the hope of the North and the pet of Long Island, Capt. STOCKTON sent from New Jersey his fine filly *Amelia* by Lance, out of Young Nettletop, by Duroc, now in her 5 year old form; Amelia is a rich bay, about 15½ hands, a very pretty creature, and unfortunate as pretty, having seldom started in condition. She is a race nag however, and comes out of a stable where they know what's what; she would have been thrown out long since had she not evinced in her trials ability to go the pace with such tip tops as Longford, Middlesex, Monmouth, and the rest. "Grace is in all her steps," and if there be not "heaven in her eye," it is "mildly beaming" with irrepressible fire and spirit, which is about as desirable in fact, though not quite so poetical.

The race was "not much to speak of," as they say in Rhode Island. The horses came up the instant the bugle sounded and got away with a capital start before the drum was "officially tapped." The recall flags were lowered and the jockies called back, but some one shouting from the field, "*go on*," again set them in motion, though they had come nearly to a stand still. People in different parts of the field set up "their most sweet voices" with yells of "come back"—"go on"—"stop"—"go along," until John Haggerty on Amelia brought her up within hailing distance of little Charley Van Pelt who felt as queer under the contrary instructions issuing from all about him as if a-straddle of a rainbow instead of "the great gun" of the Island. The boys no sooner got their frontispieces together, than they made up their minds to take a fair start by themselves, (they were then half round the track,) which they did, and the pace to the gate was tremendous, Amelia letting out her last link, and Dosoris going like chain lightning whipped up. Here they were again checked by the trainers of both horses, but the latter could not be restrained and dashed past the stand three or four lengths ahead, Charles pulling with might and main all the way from the draw gate. The heat was run in 1:54 notwithstanding the interruption, but was pronounced *void* by the Judges. The pace of Dosoris for a quarter of a mile in the mud upon the back side of the Course, was equal to Robin Hood's or Ariel's in their zenith.

The 2d heat was won "all to pieces" by Dosoris, who went straight away with the lead under a pull which was continued to the close, when he came in a-head by several lengths winning the heat and race like open and shut. The stakes were now given up to Dosoris, Amelia being withdrawn. We annex a summary of the three courses and shall then order the dessert, which was presented on the Centreville Trotting Course the same afternoon.

Union Course, Long Island, Spring, 1837.

TUESDAY, April 18.—Match, Mile heats, $2,500 a-side, 90lbs. on each.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. c. *Somerset*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred, 3 yrs.	(*Charley*)	2	1	1
John C. Stevens' s. c. *Octavian*, by Henry, out of Janet, own sister to Sir Charles, 3 yrs.	(*Ben Reed*)	1	2	2

Time, 1:57—1:57—2:04. Track heavy.

SAME DAY.—Match, Mile heats, $—— a side.

Robt. L. Stevens' s. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, by Oscar, 6 yrs. 121lbs.	(*Gilbert Patrick*)	1	1
Alex. L. Botts' ch. h. *Veto*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs, 114lbs.	(*George*)	2	2

Time, 1:52—1:54. Track heavy.

SAME DAY.—Post Stake for all ages, Mile heats, sub. $— each, P.P.

John C. Stevens' ch. c. *Dosoris*, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse, 4 yrs. 104lbs.	(*Charles Van Pelt*)	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. *Emelia*, by Lance, out of Young Nettletop, by Duroc, 5 yrs. 111lbs.	(*John Haggerty*)	2	dr

Time, 1:59—a previous heat pronounced *void*, was run in 1:54. Track very heavy.

Immediately the races were over upon the Union Course, the Club retired to Snediker's Union Hotel, where a capital dinner was provided in the suite of rooms set apart for its use. COMMODORE RIDGELEY, the President, presided in his usual happy manner, and after the cloth was removed, the circling toast and glass went gaily round; while the winners of the day were pledged in flowing bumpers, the Turfmen of the South were not forgotten, and the hope that a goodly array might be found around this table at the ensuing Spring meetings was cordially reciprocated by all present. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and the company separated at a late hour, alike pleased with each other and the occasion that brought them together.

A smart shower, to say nothing of the good cheer and good company in anticipation at Snediker's, prevented many from riding down to the Centreville Course, though they had been well repaid. We "stole away" reluctantly from dinner, and got down there somehow in about ten minutes, without jumping our bit of blood and match cart over but two stone walls, and arrived in time to see the close of the 1st heat, which was taken by *Aaron Burr*, in sporting style. The winner made the least money if he "stood" the champagne that flowed at the finish. The whole affair "posted" and drawn off, shows the following balance sheet:

Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island.

TUESDAY, April 18, 1837.—Sweepstakes for untried horses, sub. $50 each, h. ft. with $50 added by the Proprietor. Weight, 145lbs. each. No distance. Two mile heats, in harness. Six subs.

S. Coope's b. g. *Aaron Burr*,	driven by Joel Conklin	1	1
C. Suydam's b. m. *Forest Maid*,	" " George Spicer	3	2
Wm. Wheelan's b. m. *Lady of the Lake*	" " Wm. Wheelan	4	3
Peter Wheelan's br. m. *Mountain Sylph*,	" " P. Wheelan	2	4
Harry Jones' b. g. *Little Joe*		pd.ft.	
D. Flynn's s. g. *Cracker*		pd.ft.	

Time, 5:44—5:50. Track very indifferent.

Mountain Sylph was the favorite before the start, and would have won the 1st heat had she not made two very bad breaks. Aaron Burr and Forest Maid waited upon her as they got off, and passed the instant she broke up. She soon got upon her feet again, and made up a wide gap, but being pressed beyond her stroke in endeavoring to pass Aaron Burr, she again burst up, and he won the heat.

Aaron Burr now had the call, though the backers of the mare placed great reliance upon her foot. She perspired freely, but did not cool out so well as most of the others; added to which the great crowd and bustle made her restive.

After a false start, they got off nearly abreast, with the exception of the Sylph, who was obliged to take the outside to pass. She went up to and challenged the field at the gate, and in a few lengths passed Forest Maid and Lady of the Lake. Having got clear of the melee, Wheelan brought her up to the side of Aaron Burr, when Joel shouted "Look out Peter—you'll run into me," but the caution was unheeded, and the next instant the hubs of the two match carts came together with a concussion that sent Peter spinning through the air like a rocket, and his sulky after him. He was thrown quite out of the track, and lodged high and dry upon the top of a scrub oak, so that he finally landed upon terra firma unhurt, with the exception of a pretty severe flesh brushing. His reins got entangled in the bushes, and soon brought the mare to a stand still; he chased after her—got his cart on two wheels instead of one—leaped in and got into the track once more in less time than we have been writing of his disaster, and set to work in masterly style. The first half mile, performed after Peter was "himself again," was done in better time than any part of the trot; he made up a gap of about a quarter of a mile in an incredibly short space, and would have placed himself 3d at the close of the heat had not the enthusiasm of the spectators rose to such a pitch, that they gave him a tremendous cheer as he passed the stand, which unfortunately broke up his mare. Aaron Burr lost his stroke but once during the heat, which he won easily, leading off from the score with a very fine slashing stride. On the whole, a better lot of untried ones has seldom been brought out in a sweepstakes for green horses. Forest Maid, who was placed 2d the last heat, is a rich blood bay, of great bone and substance, and shows considerable blood. She was hardly up to the mark for severe work, but her action is so fine that much may be expected of her. Wheelan's Lady of the Lake, another bay, and a game looking nag, is fast and stout. Her stride will improve, being at present rather contracted, and her courage and bottom is undoubted.

The match of 1000 yards, for $500 a-side, between Daniel Abbott's sorrel mare and Henry Kelsey's colt was no go. Thus ended the first day's sport on Long Island for the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and of the Spirit of the Times the seventh.

RACES AT TRENTON NEXT TUESDAY!

A gathering of the clans is expected on the Eagle Course next week, where BAILEY has got everything in apple-pie order. Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS' stable, with one or two others, we hear, positively go from Long Island, a match, two mile heats, having been made between *Tom Moore* and Capt. STOCKTON's *Middlesex*, to come off on the 2d day, Wednesday. The Three mile race comes off on Tuesday, and it is understood will bring out *Mingo*, *Langford*, *Camsidell*, and *Tarquin*, and possibly a "crack" or two from the Island. Gen. IRVINE, Capt. STOCKTON, Mr. VAN MATER, Mr. GIBBONS, Mr. KENDALL, PLEASANTS, SAM, and two or three others, will be there in great force, and altogether there is every prospect of a brilliant meeting. *You* are going of course?

☞ Owing to the complaints from our subscribers in that section of the city west of the Bowery, and north of the City Hall, *a new carrier* has this week been placed upon the route, whose duty and interest it will be to attend to the punctual and early delivery of his papers. We shall feel obliged if our subscribers will give immediate notice at the office of any interruption in their prompt receipt, and every attention will be applied to remove any cause of complaint.

☞ Subscribers intending to change their residences on the *First of May*, will please give early notice where their papers are now left, and where they shall be left after that time.

"*The Young Lady's Friend*" is the title of a very elegant work, significant of its name, from the press of the American Stationers' Company, Boston. The agent in this city is Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN, Fulton-street, a gentleman widely known as one of the most spirited and popular booksellers in the country. The Young Lady's Friend is a very capital book, we are told by the fair possessor of the copy sent us.

Dr. GREENE's "*Glance at New York*," deserves more attention than we can give it this week. It contains a fund of information relative to this modern Babylon, and we shall contrive hereafter to give our readers a taste of its quality.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN ABROAD.

Explanation of previous remarks—Priam's Two yr. Olds in England—The Colonel and the Royal Stud at Hampton Court—Importations of John Randolph of Roanoke, with the result—Cetus and his get—Newmarket Courses—Regulations of the English Jockey Club—Suggestions to Proprietors of American Courses, and to Turfmen generally.

PARIS, 14th March, 1837.

MR. W. T. PORTER, Editor of the NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Some remarks about *Priam*, *The Colonel*, and other horses, in my last, may give rise to a suspicion that my communications are intended to disparage and injure the late importations, for the purpose of benefiting others; I assure you I have no interest in horses, and in recommending particular strains or individuals to my friends, or the public, I have no other motive than a sincere desire for the improvement of the stock at home. I have always maintained that the people of the United States have within themselves all the essential elements of successfully competing with other nations in every useful branch of industry, both on land and sea, as well in the workshops as in the fields; and these sentiments have been greatly strengthened and confirmed by the casual observations in Europe which my situation has enabled me to make. My countrymen, too, I hope and believe, are too practical to reject any improvement on account of its foreign origin; on the contrary, their national pride stimulates them to further improvements. Our ships and steamboats outsail those of any other nation, and I see no reason to doubt that our four-legged machines may equal, if not surpass, in strength and speed all foreign productions. And the comparative cheapness and facility of multiplying the stock of blood horses increase the chances of success, and offer inducements for extended experiments.

If Priam's two year old colts had fulfilled the expectations of those who bred and run these young things for gain, he would never have crossed the Atlantic. I believe the *first* of his get came out last year, and from a choice selection of a limited number of mares, he got but a very small number of winners, some 5 or 6 only, though their trials and engagements were very numerous. Sporting men were disappointed at the result, and without waiting to see what the next season's colts might do, or giving those that had been tried, a chance to recruit and come again, they condemned the horse, and sent the young ones to the hammer; whereas, if they had attended more to the form and the particular excellencies of Priam, and sent the right kind of mares, with long, heavy, and strong quarters, short-legged and roomy, the produce might and probably would have been very different. I saw one of his yearlings, (now 2 yrs. old,) with heavy and strong quarters; but all the 2 yr. olds I saw in training were light made, too light for the fashion. Besides, these were his *first* colts, I believe, after years of severe duty in the training stable, where he earned, in the most admirable style, for his noble owner (LORD CHESTERFIELD, the great patron of the sports of the field and the turf,) a very large amount of public money, and rich purses. Unless I am greatly deceived in appearances, his later get will retrieve his character as a stallion in England, and his stock will yet be properly appreciated.

I spoke of *The Colonel* as a middle sized *Whisker*, which was probably erroneous; in a casual conversation with a gentleman recently, I was told that was a very common error, that he is fully 16 hands high, and otherwise well proportioned: his admirable symmetry of form, although carrying a great deal of flesh, gives him the appearance of a moderate sized horse. He is not the best tempered, and I did not like to go up to him; but I have him in my mind's eye, as a horse of great weight and substance, and altogether the best adapted for American mares of anything I saw in England. Without inquiring his height, I set him down in my own mind at 15½ at the outside. His 2 yr. old winners were even less than Priam's, but their subsequent performance shows them to be of the right sort. His Royal owner does not keep him for the great patronage he receives as a stallion, (for I am sorry to say he has been much neglected,) but for the substantial *improvement of the breed*, which is the main object of the Hampton Court stud, and one which does infinite credit to his Majesty—long life to him. That property at Hampton Court is settled upon the Queen, and in the event of her outliving the King, the stud will most probably be broken up.

In illustration of what has heretofore been advanced on the subject of breeding, it now occurs to me to refer to the late John Randolph of Roanoke's stud. The purity and excellence of his numerous importations were never doubted; but at this moment I have no recollection of his ever having bred *one* distinguished horse in his numerous and well-selected stud; and it is well known, that so far from improving on the original stock, the vast majority of the natives bred by him exhibit evident symptoms of degeneracy. They for the most part possess the fine form and symmetrical proportions of their origin, but are deficient in bone, muscle, size, and all the essential requisites either for the turf or field. He fed his colts sparingly, and let them grow up to maturity without any particular care or attention, or even breaking, until they were 4 yrs. old or upwards. Such as contracted no disease by this system, or rather, this want of system in breeding, no doubt are suitable for engrafting the recently imported remote stock upon; but no great calculations could safely be made upon the *immediate offspring* of these degenerate mares. They possess form, blood, and constitution certainly, the most essential requisites of the breeding stud, and by judicious crosses, and a more stimulating keep, the happiest results may be attained in due time.

Judging from description, I think it probable that the stallion *Cetus*, imported last season into Virginia, possesses in an eminent degree the characteristics of his renowned sire (Whalebone), and the peculiar qualities of that family (the get of Waxy) which have heretofore given them so high a standing in England. The unequalled form, the hardy constitution, the clean and sinewy legs, with good hoofs and eyes, are the strongest recommendations of this family to American breeders. Cetus was a formidable horse at Newmarket, where he did a deal of hard running, and where he is well known, and I may add, is a favorite both with breeders and racers; though it must be admitted that the English style is for a larger class. SIR MARK WOOD, one of the leading sportsmen of the day, stood Cetus at Hare Park, (about three miles from Newmarket), put a great number of his best mares to him for several successive seasons, and entered his get freely in many of the most important engagements. His stock are very promising, and if we consider weight and substance rather than height, as the standard of size, they are large enough for their age, and "well put up." I am not aware that any of them have come out as yet, but this year will bring them out as the first of his get, now 3 year old.

Newmarket may be considered as the head quarters of turf matters: it is one great training stable, about six hours ride from London, and is admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is used, that is, training and preparing for the turf; trying, comparing, and ascertaining the peculiar qualities of horses. The courses are numerous, of every variety of length, and over every variety of ground. It should be remembered that the end of the Beacon Course, (more than 4 miles) B. C. is for the last mile up hill. Horses must be stout runners that can finish creditably the B. C. the last three miles of B. C. Ditch in, D. I.—Audley End Course, and several others ending at the same point.

The *Criterion* Stakes for 2 yr. olds, (very properly named), are run over this ground from the turn of the lands, in; not only up hill, but some fifty yards longer than the two yr. old Course on the flat. A colt shewing well in this stake is most sure to be entered for the next year's St. Leger, and to become a favorite too in the betting. Indeed, it is the Newmarket trials and performances that establish the character of most of the English horses, and govern betting men in their speculations. There are scarcely less than 200 races annually run at the seven meetings, and the lengths of the Courses, the variety of ground, &c., &c., are suited to every description of horse. The *Riddlesworth*, the *Column*, and the great majority of the other rich stakes for two and three yr. olds, are about a mile or under, at weights varying from 112 to 119 lbs: winners on these Courses must possess *very* great speed and ability to carry weight. The system of training at Newmarket, accustoming the colts to long gallops against a hill, prepares them to make running from the score on these short Courses, and what I have seen of them, were done at quarter horse speed.

The regulations of the Jockey Club, too, are worthy of notice, the present perfect order and regularity having been matured upon long experience. Every evening the Club meets at what is termed the Coffee House, (belonging I believe to the Club), open only to the members or invited guests. A list of the engagements for the following day is presented like a docket in court, of Causes to be tried, and the hour for each is then designated by the Club, beginning at 12, or 1, or 2 o'clock, according to the number of the races. This list thus arranged, is immediately sent to the printer, who strikes off a sheet containing the races in the order to be run, the horses engaged in each, ages, weights, &c., and those that have paid forfeit: that sheet is circulated the same evening, and every one knows the precise time at which each race will come off. In more than twenty races which I saw, at one meeting, there was not a single instance where the horses were not at the winning post within two minutes of the time appointed, the Coffee House clock being the Newmarket standard of time. Even in case of dead heats, the races following were not deranged in order or time. This kind of clock work regularity is part and parcel of an Englishman's education; he becomes accustomed to it from infancy, and it is an important help to the discharge of daily duties as well as public amusements.

It has often occurred to me that some place like Newmarket would be a great acquisition to the sports of the turf in the U. States. It is really enough to throw a damper on the amusement to pay $5 for a trip to the Union Course, or to the Central Course, then wait an hour in the stand before the horses start, another hour between heats, and at last have the pleasure of seeing but one race the whole day. It is still worse for the owner of race horses, who can seldom bring out a horse but once at a meeting, and if he happened to be defeated, either from want of condition, or injudiciously engaged, no further opportunity offers for another trial whereby his merits may be ascertained.

I have long thought that two mile heats, with a proper adjustment of weights, was quite long enough to test the capacities of any horse, and I am sure the turf-going public would derive much greater amusement from two such races, by different fields of horses, than from one hard, brusing, four mile struggle, which no feeling, or humane man, can witness without a mixed sensation o pity and regret at the severity imposed upon such a noble animal.

It is very important to the welfare and improvement of the blood horse that the sports of the turf should be maintained with spirit as well by the public patronage as by the owners, and, in order to render them as attractive as possible, such reforms should be gradually introduced as have been found to aid the cause elsewhere. High betting is demoralizing, and ought to be discouraged by true sportsmen. Running young things is injurious to their constitution, and I hope will meet with no encouragement. But the unfortunate owner of a beaten horse, that probably has cost him a great deal of money, care and attention, ought to have some inducement to bring him out again upon such terms as will give him a chance of earning at least a portion of his expenses. We put the good, bad, and indifferent, of the same year, upon equal terms, when it is manifest there is a vast difference between them. No one will doubt that a proper infliction of weight upon such horses as have already distinguished themselves, and an allowance to untried or beaten ones, will increase the sports and bring out larger fields and more frequent contests.

The changes above alluded to, I have no doubt, will eventually be adopted in America, as they have been successful in England, where those sports are now in better repute and encouraged with more spirit, and are in higher vogue than at any previous period. Yours, &c., B.

THE MOBILE (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Over the Bascombe Course, commenced on the 4th instant, and went off with great eclat. The details annexed are furnished by our Special Correspondent. A meeting of the Club was convened a few days previous to the races, at which the following gentlemen were appointed

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB FOR 1837.—*President*, COL. GEORGE WALTON:—*Judges*, Maj. John Mayrant and Col. John Spann:—*Distance Judges*, Colonel Geo. Collier, and Capt. John Fowler:—*Timers*, Gen. John F. Everitt, Thomas Ewbank Leefe, and Henry Center, Esqs.:—*Stewards*, Capt. George Huggins, Capt. Benj. Vincent, A. B. Cammack, John K. Collins, and S. V. V. Schuyler, Esqrs.:—*Secretary*, Edward B. Gale, Esq.

On the day previous to the regular meeting of the Club, came off a match between Messrs. Johnson and Starke, as follows:—

MONDAY, April 3, 1837.—*Bascombe Course.* Match, Four mile heats, for $5000 aside, h. ft. Weights, 4 yrs. 100 lbs.; 5 yrs. 110 lbs.

P. B. Starke's br. h. *Birmingham*, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia, by Top Gallant, 5 yrs.	1
Col. Vance Johnson's ch. c. *Scarlet*, by Waxy, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.	ds.

Time, 7:48. Track in fine order.

The ball opened with the above race, which our correspondent writes, for the last two months has kept the sporting community in this part of the country in a perfect ferment. Scarlet had been the favorite; but as the day drew nigh, Birmingham had the call, and his friends backed him with great spirit. The course was in excellent order. [It is situated, by-the-by, about three miles from the city, immediately on the bay, and for the beauty of its location, and arrangements, will bear comparison with any in the Union. Great praise is due to the proprietor, Mr. DAVID STEVENSON, for the labor and expense bestowed upon the Course, and backed, as he will be, by the liberal citizens of Mobile, it must become, at no distant day, one of the most fashionable Courses in the Southern country]. The day was delightful, and the track well attended, graced too by a bevy of beauties who gave great interest to the field. The betting was decidedly in favor of Birmingham, though Scarlet's victory last Spring, at St. Francisville, over the celebrated Lauderdale, was "cautionary." About one o'clock the martial notes of the bugle burst upon the ear—a call for them to come on the field. In a short time they appeared, and after promenading the picketed area the bugle again sounded to lead up.

Birmingham was in fine order—Scarlet rather too high in flesh. The "office" was tipped, and they got away in gallant style, Birmingham having the inside and lead, which he easily maintained; in fact, it was evident, after the second mile, that Scarlet would be distanced. In the third mile he made a desperate effort to recover his ground, but without effect; the *darky* upon Birmingham seemed determined to do the business in one heat, which he did, by distancing his unfortunate competitor. Time, 1:54—1:54—1:55—2:05. Total, four miles, 7:48.

Without doubt Birmingham could have run the heat in two or three seconds less time; he has proved himself, by this performance, one of the very best horses on the American turf. Birmingham is a dark bay, about 16 hands high, of great power and substance. He was raised by Col. GEO. ELLIOTT, of Gallatin, Tenn., and sold by him to Capt. NEWSOM, for $700—he was afterwards sold to Dr. SCOTT, of Benton Co., Ala., for $2500, who, in turn, sold him to Major KENAN, of Mobile, for $4500! Birmingham has run several races, but has never been put up. He beat *Red Maria* at Benton, Ala., in January last, which race, by-the-by, has never been reported, though the particulars have been repeatedly asked for.

Spring Meeting of the Mobile Jockey Club. Bascombe Course.

TUESDAY, April 4, 1837.—Poststakes, for 3 yr. olds; colts 86 lbs., fillies 83 lbs.; sub. $500 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Five subs.

Charles Lewis' (Wm. Blevins') ch. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, by Star of the West, own brother to Sir Henry, dam by Pacific	1	1
P. B. Starke's (J. F. Miller's) ch. f. *Jane Elliott*,* by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet	2	2
Vance Johnson's ch. c. *Oscola*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon	3	dr.

Maj. Langford and Maj. Kenan paid forfeit.

Time 2:00—2:01. * Jane Elliott ran at New Orleans the week previous as a 2 yr. old!

This race afforded great gratification to a large field of Sportsmen. Although it had rained the greater part of the preceding night, and still continued at intervals, the course was graced by the presence of a large assemblage of ladies. The track was extremely heavy.

Only three nominations made their appearance, the others paying forfeit.—Jane Elliott and Oseola were the favorites, and were freely backed against each other; Jane having beaten Louisa at New Orleans, the latter could hardly be considered "in the market," although Jane was far from being in racing order—Louisa and Oseola were in prime condition.

At the word go, they got off in good style, Oscola having the pole and leading a few feet ahead. Jane, who was in the centre, kept him company for a short time, but soon retired, when Louisa came up to test the gallantry of the gentleman. A severe struggle ensued; but the Lady ultimately got ahead, winning by a length. It was a beautiful race, and desperately contested; but in consequence of alleged foul riding, the Judges pronounced it void. Time, 1.58.

Second Heat.—They got away finely, Jane having the lead, followed by Oseola, Louisa laying back for a brush. There was some pretty running for the first half mile between Oseola and Jane Elliott; the colt got the lead, but could not keep it, as Louisa came up and passed them both, leaving Jane to the attentions of the colt, who did not appear anxious for her company.

Third Heat.—Only two came up, Oseola having been withdrawn. They had an excellent start, and went off neck and neck, and continued the brush during the first quarter, when Louisa took the lead and kept it, gaining perceptibly for the remainder of the heat, coming in with something to spare in hand, some distance ahead of Jane Elliott, who was a few weeks since bought from Mr. CARLIN, by P. B. STARKE, (for J. F. MILLER), at $1200.

WEDNESDAY, April 5.—Jockey Club Purse, $500; ent. $25. Two mile heats. Weights, 4 yrs. 100 lbs.—5 yrs. 110—6, 118 lbs., mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. *Bremo*, by Industry, dam by Imp. Magic, 6 yrs.	1	1
Vance Johnson's b. f. *Ione*, by Pacific, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs.	2	2
P. B. Starke's ch. c. *Tom Cringle*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs.	dr.	

Time, 4:04—3:59.

The day being favorable, and the course in excellent condition, caused such a fashionable reunion as has rarely assembled on any previous occasion on this track. Expectation was raised to the utmost by the reputation of the horses, and much sport was anticipated. Bremo was the favorite against the field.—Before they were called up, however, it was announced that Tom Cringle was drawn, which was rather a damper upon those who had taken the field; the bets were not numerous. Ione was stale and wretchedly out of order; her owner could only have run her to make sport.

On the word being given, they got away together, Ione having the pole. The pace for the first mile was killing; Ione made excellent running, but could not reach Bremo, who won the heat in hand.

Second Heat.—Bremo was now more than ever the favorite. Bets were freely offered of 10 to 1, but no takers. This was a more interesting heat than the last, and was severely contested. For the first two miles Ione was frequently up with the ungallant Bremo, running neck and neck, but she could not outfoot him, and he won the heat without difficulty, amidst the acclamations of the crowd.

THURSDAY, April 6.—Purse $700, ent. $35, Three mile heats. Weights as before.

Col. Vance Johnson's ch. h. *Scarlet*, by Waxy, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs.	1	3	1
Jas. S. Garrison's b. m. *Virginia Fairfield*, by Timoleon, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	2	1	2
P. B. Starke's b. h. *American Citizen*, by Marion, dam by Harwood, 5 yrs.	3	2	dis

Time, 5:56—6:00—5:58

The above was decidedly the best contested race had during this meeting.—The day was delightful; the crowd not so great as on the previous days, but every one appeared to be in the highest spirits. The Members' Stand was crowded with fair ladies, who gave a seducing influence to the gay and stirring scene. Expectation was raised to the highest pitch by the reputation of Virginia Fairfield, and the fine appearance of Scarlet, also known to be a horse of extraordinary speed and bottom. American Citizen had lost caste by having been beat at New Orleans. Virginia Fairfield was the favorite against the field, although she did not appear in good order; I was told that her spirited owner advised several of his friends not to back her; American Citizen was amiss, but Scarlet was in tip-top condition, his run on Monday with Birmingham being of service to him.

Scarlet and American Citizen lead off in gallant style, Scarlet taking the track; towards the close of the mile Virginia Fairfield came up, passed American Citizen, and took her position in the middle, keeping Scarlet up to his work—thus they went round the second and part of the third mile, when Virginia Fairfield made an unsuccessful brush at Scarlet, who finally drew out clear, winning the heat by several lengths.

Second Heat.—The horses cooled off well, and at the appointed signals came up, and got away with an excellent start, Virginia Fairfield having the lead, Scarlet second. American Citizen came up on the first quarter, challenged and passed both of his competitors, and went round the first and second miles at a slapping pace, Virginia Fairfield laying behind waiting for a brush, and Scarlet evidently running to save his distance. On the back stretch Virginia Fairfield made a push at Citizen, locked him, and as quickly passed, winning the heat easily, American Citizen second, and Scarlet just dropping within the distance.

Third Heat.—This heat was also well contested. Scarlet got away with the lead, and held it nobly for the first mile, when the filly made play, and for a few seconds ran with him neck and neck, but she could not "hold her own" and fell back in the middle. In this round American Citizen was stopped. Scarlet won the heat and race by several lengths—time 5:58. Taking the state of the track into consideration, it was excellent.

FRIDAY, April 7.—Purse $1000, ent. $50, Four mile heats.

P. B. Starke's b. h. *Birmingham*, by Stockholder, dam by Topgallant, 6 yrs. 118lbs.	walked over.

SAME DAY, *Second Race.*—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $30, Mile heats. Weights as before.

Col. Vance Johnson's ch. c. *Authentic*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	1	1
P. B. Starke's ch. h. *Tom Cringle*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs.	2	2
D. Stevenson's b. h. *Tattersall*, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs.	dis	

Time, 1:55—1:54.

SATURDAY, April 8.—Purse $300, ent. $15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Weights as before.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. *Bremo*, pedigree before, 6 yrs. 118lbs.	3	1	1	1
Vance Johnson's ch. c. *Authentic*, " " 4 yrs. 100lbs.	1	2	2	2
P. B. Starke's b. h. *American Citizen* " " 5 yrs. 110lbs.	2	3	3	3

Time, 1:53—1:53—1:56—1:57.

This race presented a good deal of betting, and in a variety of ways; many were inclined to stand up on Authentic, and he was freely backed to win the two first heats, though Bremo was the favorite for the purse.

The four arrive, and the Judges order the horses to their positions; American Citizen had the inside, Authentie the middle, and Bremo on the outside. They got off pretty well together, Authentic leading, which station he kept, winning the heat easily.

Second Heat.—Authentic came now more freely into the betting; they cooled off well, and at the word go they were off, Bremo leading, pressed by Authentic, who ran him pretty severely this heat; and the third and fourth were contested with much spirit, Authentic and Bremo being frequently locked together. The excitement occasioned by this race was very great, and was particularly interesting from the number of Ladies that were upon the field, who appeared delighted with the contest.

SAME DAY.—Match, Mile heats, $1000 a-side; the filly to carry 83lbs. and the horse 105lbs.

Wm. Blevins' ch. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, pedigree before, 3 yrs.	1	0	2	1
Robt. Chapman's ch. h. *Minor*, by Clermont, out of the dam of Little Venus, by Sir William of Transport, 7 yrs.	2	0	1	2

Time, 1:55—1:58—2:02—2:06.

This match was exceedingly well contested, the second being a dead heat.—The winner's performances thus far seem likely to add a new laurel to the name of Bascombe.

Thus ended the First Spring Meeting of the Mobile Club, over its new Course. The good order preserved throughout, and the excellent arrangements made for the convenience of the spectators, were highly creditable to all concerned. The track and weather were fine, and the whole meeting went off with an eclat that induces the belief that "*the Bascombe Course*" may one day become the Newmarket of Alabama.

The extraordinary time of *Birmingham*, in his match, on the first day, has not been equalled for two or three years, with the single exception of Bascombe's race at Augusta, beating *Argyle*. The following table may be interesting, as showing the time of Bascombe in his match with Post Boy, and that of Birmingham in his match with Scarlet.

Birmingham's time—	1st mile,	1:54.	*John Bascombe's* time,	1st mile,	2:02.
"	"	2d "	1:54.	"	"	2d "	1:56.
"	"	3d "	1:55.	"	"	3d "	1.54.
"	"	4th "	2:05.	"	"	4th "	1:57.
			7:48.				7:49.

This performance fairly entitles Birmingham to rank among the "cracks" of the day. Whether his bottom is equal to his speed remains to be demonstrated, though he comes of a game, stout and lasting family. Had he performed a second heat in Trifle's time of 7:49—or Bascombe's in 7:51½—or Post Boy's in 7:52, or Fanny Wyatt and Mingo's in 7:53, carrying equal weight, we should begin to despair of seeing the "*Eclipse trophy*" wrested from the "phenomenons" of Alabama. But as Post Boy is himself again, and as there are now at the North three others that are considered his equals, we are not disposed to yield the *saddle of Eclipse*, when resigned by Bascombe, without a tussle for it. In the meantime we congratulate our Alabama friends upon the advent of a new champion.

Buffalo Dixon, on his trial in the Supreme Judicial Court at Lowell on Monday last, on an appeal from the judgment of the Court of Common Pleas, was acquitted.

BELFIELD (Va.) SPRING RACES.

Mr. Editor—The races over the Belfield Course took place last week, and ended to-day, 14th inst. I presume the Secretary of the Club will in due time furnish you with a full and detailed account of the races, and I shall therefore merely give you the result of each race, with the time in which it was run.

The first race (11th April), was a *Sweepstakes* for three year olds, mile heats, entrance $100, h. ft., 6 subscribers. This was won easily in two heats by Mr. Maclin's brown filly, by Imp. Luzborough, beating another Luzborough filly second and a Tonson filly third. Time, 1:55—2:00.

The next race was for the Proprietor's *Purse*, $250, Two mile heats. This race was won in three heats, by Mr. McCargo's b. c. by Lance, 4 yrs., beating Mr. Maclin's ch. c. by Carolinian, 4 yrs. old, Dr. Scott's ro. c. by Eclipse, 4 yrs. old, and *Catharine Davis*, who won the first heat. Time, 4:03—3:54—4:10.

On the Third Day we had a race for the Jockey Club *Purse*, $500, Three mile heats. This was won in four heats, by Mr. McCargo's *John Tyler*, beating *Jumper*, *Little Billy*, and *Sophia*, all 4 yr. olds. Time, 5:55—6:00—6:08—6:25.

On the Last Day we had two *Sweepstakes*, Mile heats. The first (8 subs.), was won by Dr. Goodwyn's grey filly, by Imp. Luzborough, beating Mr. Duggurs' br. f. by Sir Charles, at 2 heats. Time, 1:52—1:52.

The Second *Sweepstakes* (5 subs.), was won in two heats by Mr. McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, beating Mr. Merritt's Imp. Luzborough colt out of Lady La Grange—2d, Mr. Macklin's ch. f. by Luzborough—3d, and Dr. Goodwyn's Eclipse filly, distanced. Time, 1:52—1:52. The second heat was an exceedingly close one, the Luzborough colt being beaten only 6 inches. Some watches made some of these heats quicker, but I believe the time I give is the official time.

The *get of Luzborough* have thus far performed well. They have won three out of five stakes in which they started, and of the eleven most forward colts in these races, nine were Luzboroughs. Yours, &c. —— ———.

BELFIELD, Va., April 14, 1837.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.—The packet ship *Burgundy*, Captain ROCKETT, from Havre, whence she sailed on the 16th March, brings us letters from our correspondent in Paris to the 14th ult. The letter we present our readers to-day is one of unusual interest, and will be read with great satisfaction. Mr. B.'s health is improving rapidly, but he was undetermined before the packet sailed whether he should return to England to attend the early Spring Meetings. He promises in any event to write us by every packet.

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

LAWRENCEVILLE, April 8th, 1837.

DEAR SIR,—As you are not known to have any special correspondent hereabouts, and as our town is neither at the head of tide-water, nor the termination of a rail-road, and taken altogether, since the great Southern mail-route is changed, is rather in an "out of the way place," and not likely to attract the attention of any regular pen, I have offered my services, "*pro hac vice*," to give you an account of our races, which have just closed. We have had plenty of sport, "and lots of fun," and though the weather, except on the first day, was very unpleasant, yet we had numerous fields, and excellent racing.

The ball opened on the 4th inst. with a sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts, 86 lbs. and fillies 83 lbs.; $300 each, $100 ft., mile heats, 8 subscribers, of whom one failed to name, and three paid forfeit, to wit, an imported filly by Longwaist, that was lame, a colt by Sir Charles, and one by Eclipse, that was said to be amiss. Four came to the post: Mr. Townes's b. c. by imp. Fylde, dam by Shylock, and as splendid a three year old as any man could find; Dr. Lewis's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, another very fine colt; Mr. Maclin's ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Jane Shore, a well-made, handsome filly, of moderate size; and Mr. Hartwell's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam Multiflora, by Director, a large, strong filly, of the Eclipse sort. On being stripped, it was evident that the Eclipse filly had the order of all, and Dr. Lewis's Luzborough colt was in the next best order. Townes's colt had had the distemper some four weeks before, and was too high in order. Mr. Maclin's filly was poor and weak; her hair looked dead and set, and altogether she was in bad condition.

1st heat.—After a false start, they got off pretty well together, the Fylde colt taking the track, and leading them at a slapping pace. Away they go, round the western sweep, and down the hill into the back stretch, the Fylde colt gaining on them every stride, his rider being unable to hold him, until he reached the half mile post, when the boy took a pull on him, and braced him. They go on, up the back stretch, the Fylde leading some 30 yards a-head, Maclin's filly next, then Lewis's colt, and last, Hartwell's filly. In this order they sweep round the eastern turn, and down the quarter stretch to the Judge's stand, the Fylde colt coming out three or four lengths ahead, the Luzborough filly 2d, the Luzborough colt 3d, and the Eclipse filly last. The Fylde colt was the favorite before starting, and the event of this heat seemed to justify this preference. The time, too, was the quickest ever made here. The bets were now 2 and 3 to 1 on the Fylde, and but few takers. On looking at them, they all seemed to have stood the heat pretty well. The Eclipse filly cooled out finely; Dr. Lewis's did not sweat freely enough. The Fylde colt cooled out pretty well, yet it was not so certain that his short preparation and high order, and the killing burst of the 1st heat might not tell on him. Mr. Maclin's filly was still wet with sweat when they started a second time. Time, 1:52.

2d heat.—The Fylde colt led off again, and ran ahead three quarters of a mile, when Lewis's colt ran up and challenged, and after a smart struggle defeated him, and won the heat. The rest pulled up after passing the distance stand, and came slowly past the Judge's stand, Hartwell's filly being thus placed 2d, though she contended on no part of the ground for the heat, Maclin's 3d, and Townes's colt 4th. It was evident that the chance of the Fylde colt was out, and he was drawn. Hartwell's filly seemed fresh, and from her running in the rear the two first heats, some thought that she had been saved for a long struggle of broken heats, and that she would win the money. Lewis's colt sweated better this time, and showed no distress. Nor did Maclin's, though she was evidently very weak. Time, 1:57.

3d heat.—Lewis's colt led off from the stand at score, the other two lying as close as they could, till they came to the hill at the beginning of the back stretch, when the Luzborough filly either sulked, or from weakness, was unable to stride down the hill, and the others got away some 40 yards ahead. They strode along, Lewis's colt still leading, till they passed the half mile post, when Hartwell's ran up, but soon found it was no go, and fell back. Lewis's still went on, and Maclin's filly soon passed Hartwell's, but was not able to get up to Lewis's, who came out a gallant winner, Maclin's second, the Eclipse distanced. Time, 2:00, the best race ever run over this course, which is covered with tan-bark, and three feet over a mile, and a very trying course. The famous colt race between Lafayette, Gohanna, and others, was won in three heats, and the time was, 1st heat, 1.53; 2d heat, 1:57; 3d heat, 2:03. It was as fine a lot of young ones, of both imported and native stock, as has been seen for many a day.

Next day we had another sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts, 86 lbs., fillies, 83 lbs., entrance $100 each, h. ft., mile heats, (6 subscribers.) It had rained for the 21 preceding hours, and poured down during the race. It was a hard pelting storm of wind, rain, and hail; the course had absorbed as much water as several inches of tan-bark could hold, and was covered with water everywhere, laying in many places in sheets of several inches depth, and it seemed as if the best swimmer, and not the best racer, would win. Four started, and the 1st heat was won by Dr. Goodwyn's colt, by Sir Charles, beating Mr. Merritt's b. c. by Luzborough, a close 2d, Mr. Dugger's br. f. by Sir Charles 3d, and Capt. Claiborne's ch. f. by Luzborough 4th. A handsome heat between the two first, the Luzborough colt running all the way, and well up at the finish. It would have been a yet closer thing, and perhaps the result might have been different, had not the Luzborough colt run in behind the winner coming down the quarter stretch, so that his rider could not get him from behind the other. Claiborne's was rode very badly this heat, and was at one time 80 or 90 yards behind. The next heat was run pretty much in the same way, Claiborne's filly running close on the winner in the quarter stretch, and perhaps might have passed him could she have been brought out from behind the colt. It was a close heat. The order and heavy state of the course both favored the winner, who was not as long a strider as the Luzboroughs. The result was, Goodwyn's colt 1st, Claiborne's filly 2d, Merritt's colt 3d, and Dugger's filly 4th.

For the proprietor's purse, $200, 2 mile heats, the third day, seven started, to wit, Sally Eubanks, Dr. Goodwyn's Oceola, by Sir Charles, Mr. Townes's Meridian, by Eclipse, Col. Wynn's Sally Mayfield, by Eclipse, Mr. Maclin's Elastic, by Timoleon, Capt. Claiborne's b. c. by Tonson, and Jumper, by Eclipse, entered by Buck Power, but trained by *Buck Keezur*. Sally Eubanks the favorite. The 1st heat was handsomely run, all the horses running well together the 1st mile, except Townes's colt, who soon dropped astern, and was distanced. Going round the second time, several had dropped further from the leading horses, and the contest was finally between Jumper and Capt. Claiborne's Tonson colt, and the heat won by the former. The next heat was contended for by six, Townes's being hors de combat. After going two or three hundred yards, Sally Mayfield threw her rider, who luckily escaped with little hurt. The horses went on round, Jumper in front, or pretty forward, till they came to the back stretch in the second mile, when Sally Eubanks ran up and challenged Jumper, who was then leading. These two ran together a few hundred yards, when Sally Eubanks declined, and Jumper maintained the lead, and won the heat, the Tonson colt second, the rest nowhere. Sally Mayfield, after losing her rider, ran the race through, and came in third, but of course was distanced. The rider of Sally Eubanks spun his thread too fine, and was placed just behind the distance flag. The old mare was in too high order.

On the fourth day, six started for the Jockey Club purse, $400, 3 mile heats, to wit, Col. Wynn's Martha Washington, a name as yet unsullied by defeat, Mr. McCargo's John Tyler, by Eclipse, out of Creeping Kate, a good winner heretofore, Mr. Townes's Eclipse filly, 4 yrs. old, also a winner, Mr. Spurr's Redgauntlet filly, 4 yrs. old, Mr. Maclin's Tom Cringle, by Carolinian, and Dr. Goodwyn's Little Billy, or Little Belly, as the proprietor had it, though he owns he does not aspire to be a great scholar, being satisfied if, in the use of his mother tongue, he can rank with General Jackson and the Governor of Virginia. Even on Martha Washington against the field.

1st heat.—They went off, Martha Washington and Little Billy generally in front, the two Eclipses next, and Tom Cringle and Sophia last. In this order, with little variation, the heat was run, Martha coming in first, Little Billy second, and the others all in. Sophia's rider lost a stirrup as he started, and ran under great disadvantage. This heat was contended for by Martha and Little Billy, the others waiting. Martha cooled out pretty well, and was now a greater favorite than before; betting 2 and 3 to 1 on her against the field. Little Billy was now drawn.

2d heat.—Sophia dashed off and got the track, and led away at a killing stride, the others in hand, waiting on Martha. Sophia led on, and at the close of the 1st round was some 40 or 50 yards ahead. Away she goes, still leading, and passes the stand the second time. On she goes, still ahead. On the back stretch, the others closed up smartly, Sophia still leading. Martha now runs up, but Sophia still leads round the eastern bend, and in this order they came into the quarter stretch, Sophia a length ahead, and so the heat ended.—Sophia 1st, Martha 2d, all the others within the distance.

3d heat.—All five again started, Sophia leading as before, but it was plain that the horses did not mean to let her make as great a gap as in the second heat; Martha, it was soon evident, was exhausted, and utterly unable to run, and was pulled up after going the 1st mile. Tom Cringle, in the 2d mile, made a run at Sophia, but could not pass her. On she went, maintaining her lead, and came out a good winner, Tom Cringle second, the others distanced.

The last day, a sweepstakes of $100 each, &c., was won by Mr. Dugger's colt by Sir Charles, beating Capt. Claiborne's colt, also by Sir Charles. The 1st heat very close, and won by Claiborne's colt by a neck. The second heat won easily by Dugger's colt, distancing his competitor, who was rode very badly, and if rode differently, would have had a better place. I have, below, put these races into something like *shipshape* for your convenience.

Yours, most respectfully, BILLY BUTTON.

P.S. The favorites distanced every day.

Lawrenceville (Va.) Spring Races.

TUESDAY, April 4, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, ent. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats—(8 subscribers.)

Mr. M'Cargo's (Dr. Lewis's) b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 86lbs....	3	1	1
Mr. Maclin's ch f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam Crazy Jane, 83lbs....................	2	3	2
Dr. Goodwyn's (Mr. Hartwell's) ch. f by Eclipse, dam Multiflora, 83lbs............	4	2	dis
Mr. Townes' b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Shylock, 86lbs.........................	1	4	dr

Time, 1:52—1:57—2:00. Won cleverly. The best time ever made over this course.

WEDNESDAY, April 5.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats—(6 subs.)

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Washington, 86lbs..................	1	1
Capt. Claiborne's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shylock, 83lbs..................	4	2
Mr. Spurr's (Merritt's) b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 86lbs............	2	3
Mr. Dugger's br. f. by Sir Charles, dam Polly Peacham, 83lbs..........................	3	4

Time, 2:00—2:02. Both heats handsomely contested. Course very heavy, and rain pouring down during the race.

THURSDAY, April 6.—Proprietor's Purse $200, Two mile heats.

Mr. Power's ch. c. *Jumper*, by Eclipse, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs. 100lbs.............	1	1
Capt. Claiborne's b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by ——, 4 yrs. 100lbs..................	2	2
Mr. Maclin's ch. h. *Elastic*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 110lbs..............	3	dis
Col. Wynn's ch. f. *Sally Mayfield*, by Eclipse, dam Catherine Warner, 4 yrs. 97lbs ..	4	dis
Dr. Goodwyn's ch. c. *Oceola*, by Sir Charles, dam by ——, 4 yrs. 100lbs..............	5	dis
Mr. M'Cargo's b. m. *Sally Eubanks*, by Roanoke, dam by Constitution, aged, 121lbs.	6	dis
Mr. Townes' ch. c. *Meridian*, by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs. 100lbs............	dis	

Time, 4:08—4:07. Course very heavy. Sally Eubanks the favorite. She was in too high order, and failed to save her distance by a mistake of her rider. Sally Mayfield threw her rider the second heat, and came in 3d, but was declared distanced.

FRIDAY, April 7.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Mr. Spurrs' (Wm. H. E. Merritt's) ch. f. *Sophia*, by Redgauntlet, dam Clara Fisher, 4 yrs. 97lbs..	4	1	1
Mr. Maclin's ch. c. *Tom Cringle*, by Carolinian, dam by ——, 4 yrs. 100lbs........	6	3	2
Col. Wynn's ch. f. *Martha Washington*, by Sir Charles, dam Isabella, 4 yrs. 97lbs	1	2	dis
Mr. Townes' ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Harry, 4 yrs 97lbs............................	3	4	dis
Mr. M'Cargo's ch. c. *John Tyler*, by Eclipse, dam Creeping Kate, 4 yrs. 100lbs....	5	5	dis
Dr. Goodwyn's b. c. *Little Billy*, by Iphiclus, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs. 100lbs......	2	dr	

Time, 6:25—6:25—6:25. Course very heavy.

SATURDAY, April 8.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats—(7 subs.)

Mr. Dugger's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam Maria West, 86lbs............................	2	1
Capt. Claiborne's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam Fancy, 86lbs................................	1	dis

Time, 2:03—2:00. Course very heavy.

The above report has the sanction of THE SECRETARY.

AMERICAN LADIES.

Francis J. Grund, a German who lived some years in this country, and published a work on Geometry, has just gone to England, where he has published a book entitled "The Americans." The following is a portion of his observations on the Americans: The forms of American ladies are generally distinguished by great symmetry and fineness of proportion; but their frames and constitutions seem to be less vigorous than those of the ladies of almost any country in Europe. Their complexions which, to the south, inclining towards the Spanish, are, to the north, remarkably fair and blooming; and, while young, by far the greater portion of them are decidedly handsome. A marked expression of intelligence, and a certain indescribable air of langour, the result of the climate, lend to their countenances a peculiar charm, in which it would be difficult to find a parallel in Europe. An American lady, in her teens, is, perhaps the most sylph-like creature on earth. Her limbs are exquisitely wrought, her motions are light and graceful, and her carriage at once easy and graceful, and dignified. But these beauties, it is painful to say, are doomed to an early decay. At the period of twenty-four, a certain want of fullness in her proportions is already perceptible; and, once passed the age of thirty, the whole fabric goes seemingly into decay. As the principal cause of this sudden decline, some allege the climate; but I allow it more willingly to the great assiduity with which the American ladies discharge their duties as mothers. No sooner are they married than they begin to lead a life of comparative seclusion; and, once mothers, they are actually buried to the world. At the period of ushering their children into society, they appear, indeed, once more, as respectable matrons; but they are only the silent witnesses of the triumphs of their daughters. An American mother is the nurse, tutor, friend, and counsellor of her children.—Nearly the whole business of education devolves upon her; and the task is in many instances, beyond her physical ability. Thus, it is customary with many ladies in New England not only to hear their children recite the lessons assigned to them at school; but actually to expound to them, and assist them in the solution of arithmetical and algebraic problems. There are married ladies who apply themselves seriously to the study of mathematics and the classics, for no other purpose than forwarding the education of their children, and I have known young men who have entered college with no other instruction in any of the preparatory departments, than what they received from their mothers. But this continued application to the most arduous duties, the increasing care and welfare of their children, and the consequent unreasonable confinement to the house and the nursery, already by nature sufficiently delicate; and it is thus, by the sacrifice of health and beauty, that American ladies pay their offspring the sacred tribute of maternal affection. No human being can ever requite the tender care of a mother; but it appears to me that the Americans have, in this respect, obligations immeasurably greater than those of the inhabitants of any other country.

PICKWICKIANA.

The following exquisite burlesque of "Temperance Associations" is by the clever author of the *Pickwick papers*, and is now first presented to the American reader:—

The monthly meetings of the Bricklane Bench of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, were held in a large room pleasantly and airily situated at the top of a safe and commodious ladder. The president was the straight walking Mr. Anthony Humm, a converted fireman, now a schoolmaster, and occasionally an itinerant preacher: and the secretary was Mr. Jonas Mudge, chandler's shop-keeper, an enthusiastic and disinterested vessel, who sold tea to the members. Previous to the commencement of business, the ladies sat upon forms, and drank tea, till such time as they considered it expedient to leave off; and a large wooden money box was conspicuously placed upon the green baize cloth of the business table, behind which the secretary stood, and acknowledged with a gracious smile, every addition to the rich vein of copper which lay concealed within.

On this particular occasion the women drank tea to a most alarming extent: greatly to the horror of Mr. Weller senior, who, utterly regardless of all Sam's admonitory nudgings, stared about him in every direction with the most undisguised astonishment.

"Sammy, (whispered Mr. Weller) if some o' these here people don't want tappin' to-morrow mornin', I ain't your father, and that's wot it is. Why, this here old lady next to me is a drownin' herself in tea."

"Be quiet, can't you?" muttered Sam.

"Sam, (whispered Mr. Weller, a moment afterwards, in a tone of deep agitation) mark my vord, my boy; if that 'ere secretary feller keeps on for five minutes' more, he'll blow himself up with toast and water."

"Well, let him if he likes, (replied Sam) it ain't no bis'ness o' your'n."

"If this here lasts much longer, Sammy, (said Mr. Weller in the same low voice,) I shall feel it my duty, as a human bein', to rise and address the cheer.—There's a young 'oman on the next form but two, as has drank nine breakfast cups and a half; and she's a swelling' wisibly before my wery eyes."

There is little doubt that Mr. Weller would have carried his benevolent intention into immediate execution, if a great noise, occasioned by putting up the cups and saucers, had not very fortunately announced that the tea drinking was over. The crockery having been removed, the table with the green baize cover was carried out into the centre of the room, and the business of the evening was commenced by a little emphatic man, with a bald head, and drab shorts, who suddenly rushed up the ladder, at the imminent peril of snapping the two little legs encased in the drab shorts, and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I move our excellent brother, Mr. Anthony Humm, into the chair."

The ladies waved a choice selection of pocket handkerchiefs at this proposition; and the impetuous little man literally moved Mr. Humm in the chair, by taking him by the shoulders and thrusting him into a mahogony frame which had once represented that article of furniture. The waving of handkerchiefs was renewed; and Mr. Humm, who was a sleek, white faced man, in a perpetual inspiration, bowed meekly, to the great admiration of the females, and formally took his seat. Silence was then proclaimed by the little man in the drab shorts, and Mr. Humm rose and said—"That, with the permission of his Brick-lane Branch brothers and sisters, then and there present, the secretary would read the report of the Brick-lane Branch committe;" a proposition which was again received with a demonstration of pocket-handkerchiefs.

The Secretary having sneezed in a very impressive manner, and the cough which always siezes any assembly, when any thing particular is going to be done, having been duly performed, the following document was read:—

Report of the Committee of the Brick-lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association—

"Your committee have pursued their grateful labours during the past month, and have the unspeakable pleasure of reporting the following additional cases of converts to Temperance:—

"H. Walker, tailor, wife, and two children. When in better circumstances, owns to having been in the constant habit of drinking ale and beer; says he is not certain whether he did not twice a week, for twenty years, taste 'dog's nose," which your committee find upon inquiry, to be compounded of warm porter, moist sugar, gin and nutmeg, (a groan, and "so it is!" from an elderly female.) Is now out of work and pennyless; thinks it must be the porter—[cheers]—or the loss of the use of his right hand; is not certain which, but thinks it very likely that, if he had drank nothing but water all his life, his fellow workmen would never have stuck a rusty needle in him, and thereby occasioned his accident. [Tremendous cheering.] Has nothing but cold water to drink, and never feels thirsty.—[Great applause.]

"Betsy Martin, widow, one child, and one eye. Goes out charing and washing by the day; never had more than one eye, but knows her mother drank bottled stout, and should'nt wonder if that caused it—[immense cheering.] Thinks it not impossible that if she had always abstained from spirits, she might have had two eyes by this time. [Tremendous applause.] Used at every place she went to, to have eighteen pence a day, a pint of porter, and a glass of spirits—but since she became a member of the Brick-lane Branch, has always demanded three and sixpence instead. [The announcement of this most interesting fact was received with deafening enthusiasm.]

"Henry Beller was for many years toast-master at various corporation dinners, during which time he drank a great deal of foreign wine; may sometimes have carried a bottle or two home with him; is not quite certain of that, but is sure if he did, that he drank the contents. Feels very low and melancholy, is very feverish; and has a constant thirst upon him; thinks it must be the wine he used to drink.—[cheers] Is out of employ now; and never touches a drop of foreign wine by any chance—[tremendous applause.]

"Thomas Burton is purveyor of cat's-meat to the Lord Mayor and Sheriff, and several members of the Common Council. [The announcement of this gentleman's name was received with breathless interest.] Has a wooden leg—finds a wooden leg expensive going over the stones, used to wear second hand wooden legs, and drink a glass of hot gin and water regularly every night—sometimes two. [Deep sighs.] Found the second hand wooden legs split and rot very quickly; is firmly persuaded that their constitution was undermined by the gin and water. [Prolonged cheering.] Buys new wooden legs now, and drinks nothing but water and weak tea. The new legs last twice as long as the others used to do, and he attributes this solely to his temperate habits."—[Triumphant cheers.]

Anthony Humm now moved that the assembly do regale themselves with a song. With a view to their rational and moral enjoyment, brother Mordlin had adapted the beautiful words of "Who has'nt heard of a Jolly Young Waterman?" to the tune of the Old Hundredth, which he would request them to join him in singing. [Great applause.] He might take that opportunity of expressing his firm persuasion that the late Mr. Dibdin, seeing the errors of his former life, had written that song to show the advantages of abstinence. It was a Temperance song. [Whirlwinds of cheers.] The neatness of the interesting young man's attire, the dexterity of his feathering, the enviable state of mind which enabled him, in the beautiful words of the poet, to

> "Row along, thinking of nothing at all,"

all combined to prove that he must have been a water-drinker. [Cheers.] Oh, what a state of virtuous jollity! [Rapturous cheering.] And what was the young man's reward? Let all young men present mark this:

> "The maiden's all flocked to his boat so readily."

[Loud cheers, in which the ladies joined.] What a bright example! The sisterhood, the maidens, flocking round the young waterman, and urging him along the path of duty and of temperance. But, was it the maidens of humble life only, who soothed, consoled, and supported him? No!

> "He was always first oars with the fine city ladies."

[Immense cheering.] The soft sex to a man—he begged pardon, to a female—rallied round the young waterman, and turned with disgust from the drinker of spirits. [Cheers and laughter.] The room was their boat; that audience were the maidens; and he (Mr. Anthony Humm,) however unworthily, was "first oars." [Unbounded applause.]

"Wot does he mean by the soft sex, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller, in a whisper.

"The women," said Sam, in the same tone.

"He ain't far out there, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller; "they must be a soft sex—a wery soft sex, indeed, if they let themselves be gammoned by such fellers as him."

LONDON SAUSAGE MANUFACTORY.

They had walked some distance, Mr. Pickwick trotting on before, plunged in profound meditation, and Sam following behind, with a countenance expressive of the most enviable easy defiance of everything and everybody, when the latter, who was always especially anxious to impart to his master any exclusive information he possessed, quickened his pace until he was close to Mr. Pickwick's heels, and pointing up at a house, as they were passing, said,

"Werry nice porkshop that 'ere, sir." "Yes, it seems so," said Mr. Pickwick. "Celebrated sausage factory," said Sam. "Is it?" said Mr. Pickwick, "Is it!" reiterated Sam, with some indignation; "I should rayther think it was. Why, sir, bless your innocent eyebrows, that's vere the mysterious disappearance of a respectable tradesman took place four years ago." "You don't mean to say he was burked, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, looking hastily round. "No, I don't indeed, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "I vish I did; far worse than that. He was the master o' that ere shop, sir, and the inwenter o' the patent-never-leavin-off sausage steam 'ingine, as ud swaller up a pavin' stone if you put it too near, and grind it into sausages as easy as if it was a tender young babby. Werry proud o' that machine he was, as it was nat'ral he should be: and he'd stand down in the cellar a lookin' at it ven it was in full play, till he got quite melancholy with joy. A werry happy man he'd ha' been, sir, in the possession of that 'ere ingine, and two more lovely hinfants besides, if it hadn't been for his wife, who was a most owdacious wixin. She was always a follerin' him about and dinnin' in his ears, till at last he couldn't stand it no longer. 'I'll tell you what it is, my dear,' he says one day: 'If you persewere in this here sort of amusement, I'm blessed if I don't go away to 'Merrika; and that's all about it.' 'You're a' idle willin,' says she, 'and I wish the 'Merrikins joy o' their bargains.' Arter vich she keeps on abusin' for half an hour, and then runs into the little parlor behind the shop, sets to a screamin,' says he'll be the death on her, and falls in a fit, which is all screamin' and kickin.' Well, next mornin' the husband was missin'. He hadn't taken nothin' from the till—hadn't even put on his great coat, so it was quite clear he warn't gone to 'Merriker. Didn't come back next day, didn't come back next week; the misses had bills printed, sayin' that if he'd come back, he should be forgiven every thin,' (which was liberal, seein' that he hadn't done nothin' at all)—all the canals was dragged, and for two months afterwards, venever a body turned up, it was carried as a reg'lar thing, straight off to the sassage shop. Hows'ever, none on 'em answered, so they gave out that he'd run away, and she kept on the bus'ness. One Saturday night, a little thin old gentlem'n comes into the shop in a great passion, and says, 'Are you the misses of this here shop?' 'Yes, I am,' says she. 'Well ma'am,' says he, 'then I've just looked in to say, that me and my family ain't a goin' to be choaked for nothin;' and more than that ma'am,' he says, 'you'll allow me to observe, that as you don't use the primest parts of the meat in the manafactor o' sassages, I think you'd find beef come nearly as cheap as buttons.' 'Buttons, sir!' says she, 'buttons, ma'am,' says the little old gentleman, unfolding a bit of paper, and shewin' twenty or thirty halves o' buttons. 'Nice seasonin' for sassages is trousers' buttons, ma'am.' 'They're my husband's buttons' says the widder, beginnin' to faint. 'What!' screams the little old gen'im'n, turnin' wery pale. 'I see it all,' says the widder; 'in a fit of temporary insanity he rashly converted himself into sassages!' 'And so he had, sir,' said Mr. Weller, looking steadfastly into Mr. Pickwick's horror stricken countenance, "or else he'd been draw'd into the ingine, but however that might ha' been, the little old gen'l'm'n, who had been remarkably partial to sassages all his life, rushed out o' the shop in a wild state, and was never heard on arterwards."

SINGULAR HOSPITAL CASES.

You consider Mr. Slasher a good operator? said Mr. Pickwick.

Best alive, replied Hopkins. Took a boy's leg out of the socket last week—boy ate five apples and a gingerbread cake—exactly two minutes after it was all over, boy said he wouldn't lie there to be made game of; and he'd tell his mother if they didn't begin.

Dear me! said Mr. Pickwick, astonished.

Pooh! that's nothing; that ain't, said Jack Hopkins. Is it, Bob?

Nothing at all, replied Bob Sawyer.

By the bye, Bob, said Hopkins, with a scarcely perceptible glance at Mr. Pickwick's attentive face, we had a curious accident last night. A child was brought in, who had swallowed a necklace.

Swallowed what, Sir? interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

A necklace, replied Jack Hopkins. Not all at once, you know, that would be too much—*you* could not swallow that, if the child did—eh, Mr. Pickwick, ha! ha!—Mr. Hopkins appeared highly gratified with his own pleasantry; and continued—No, the way was this,—child's parents were poor people who lived in a court. Child's eldest sister bought a necklace—common necklace, made of large black wooden beads. Child, being fond of toys, cribbed the necklace, hid it, played with it, cut the string, and swallowed a bead. Child thought it capital fun, went back next day, and swallowed another bead.

Bless my heart, said Mr. Pickwick, what a dreadful thing! I beg your pardon, Sir. Go on.

Next day child swallowed two beads; the day after that, he treated himself to three, and so on, till in a week's time he had got through the necklace, five-and-twenty beads in all. The sister, who was an industrious girl, and seldom treated herself to a bit of finery, cried her eyes out at the loss of the necklace; looked high and low for it; I needn't say didn't find it. A few days afterwards, the family were at dinner—baked shoulder of mutton, and potatoes under it—the child who wasn't hungry, was playing about the room, when suddenly there was heard a devil of a noise, like a small hail storm. Don't do that, my boy, said the father. I ain't doing nothing, said the child. Well don't do it again, said the father. There was a short silence, and then the noise began again worse than ever. If you don't mind what I say, my boy, said the father, you'll find yourself in bed in something less than a pig's whisper. He gave the child a shake to make him obedient, and such a rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before. Why, damme, it's *in* the child! said the father, he's got the croup in the wrong place! No, I haven't, father, said the child, beginning to cry, it's the necklace; I swallowed it, father. The father caught the child up, and ran with him to the hospital: the beads rattling in the boy's stomach with the jolting; the people looking up in the air, and down in the cellars to see where the unusual sound came from. He's in the hospital now, said Jack Hopkins, and he makes such a devil of a noise when he walks about, that they are obliged to muffle him in a watchman's coat, for fear he should wake the patients.

That's the most extraordinary case I ever heard of, said Mr. Pickwick, with an emphatic blow on the table.

Pickwick Papers.

A PRINTING OFFICE ON PUBLICATION DAY.

To see a Printing Office in all its glory, the uninitiated ought to visit a newspaper office on the day of publication, although they may assure themselves of a frosty reception at such a time. There is a breathless excitement in the scene. Not a sound is heard, save at times the slipshod step of a compositor creeping across the floor to the foreman's desk for more copy, or the continual click clicking of the types as they fall into their places in the composing stick. The compositors are stationed at their cases, noiseless and busy as Wordsworth's cattle in the meadow—there are "forty *setting* like one." Mark the diversity of figure and expression, and, believe me, there is as great a diversity of talent among them. That thin stooping figure, with sharp face, high nose, and dark motionless eyes, has a genius for setting advertisements. He is the uncontroled master of that department. That fine-looking fellow with an oval border of black whiskers round his face, and corresponding curve of his leg, the wit, orator, and gay Lothario of the establishment, has a taste which the foreman himself does not disdain occasionally to call to counsel. The greasy-looking individual with a bald head, if you keep whiskey from him, and him from whiskey (no easy task by the by) will set you a whole column of 'close dig' without one typographical error. Marry, Sir! of a Monday morning his types take strange vagaries. That demure gentleman, with his nose stuck in his composing stick, has a genius for 'scheme work,' which technical phrase designates what the vulgar call tables, &c. The paper is up—one by one the compositors have desisted for want of copy. They are now busied, under the superintendance of the foreman, who has arranged the matter and measured out the columns in tying them up. Now they slip them from the *galleys* on the *stone*, and arrange them in close parallels. The *chase* is placed around them, and the *quoins* inserted. A dozen anxious heads are bending over the solid mass of types, touching, examining, scrutinising, whispering eagerly. They who stand aloof are the apprentices—they are not allowed to interfere with this part of the ceremony. That slender handsome slip of a lad at the corner has commenced journeyman this very day. His whole frame thrills as he fingers the *chase*. He feels himself a man. Now all draw back but two, who raise their mallets to drive the *quoins* home, and plain the surface of the *form*. As the clatter begins, the brawny pressmen issue from their den, and swing the ponderous mass from the stone, and disappear into the press-room, whence the dull sound of their process may be heard to issue. One by one the compositors have assumed their jackets and dropped off. The day's work is over with them all, with the exception of the unlucky apprentice detained to fold the papers, who stands brooding bitter thoughts. While an eager and curious public is crowding the place of publication, to snatch the first damp sheets, the silence of loneliness settles down on the deserted compositors' room.

Scottish Monthly Magazine.

AN ARKANSAS LAWYER.

Several years since there came a young Virginian into one of the villages of the West—the county seat of a county—and announced himself to the citizens as a lawyer, who intended pitching his tent among them. It was but a short time before the sitting of the court, and our young debutant had the mortification to enter upon this legal passover without a single case. This state of things would have been rather discouraging under any circumstances, but it was still more so, since it was accompanied with an alarming emptiness in the region of the pocket. But our hero was not a man given to despondence; and he began forthwith to cast about him for the purpose of bettering his condition. Right over the way from his lodgings stood what is called, in Western parlance, a grocery, aliter, a "grog shop." I need not say it had its full allowance of worshippers. From this delightful purlieu, amidst a Babel-like concord of drunken jargon, the ears of the briefless lawyer were struck with the notes of a violin.

He sauntered carelessly over, and entered this scene of rude joviality. To possess himself of the fiddle, which was in the hands of a lusty wood-chopper, was the work of a moment; and it was but another moment before the throng were crowding around to listen. After giving them a sweat with "Deil up the gum-bush," "Lord McDonald," "Sugar in the gourd," "Killykrankie," "The Grand Spy," and several other good old Scotch reels and strathspys, they perceived that the instrument was played by a master, and they all voted incontinently that the Orpheus of the grog shop was perfectly eclipsed. They were delighted; but when the unknown visiter added his voice to the notes, and burst out into a comical negro song, the whole company were uproarious in their raptures. I must except the musical woodcutter: he took it in high dudgeon, that any one should presume to compete with him on his own dunghill.

"Harkee, Mister," said he, going up to our hero in a threatening manner, "you may beat me on the fiddle, but I'll be d——d if I can't out-jump, throw down—and if it comes to that—whip you in the bargain."

"I accept the challenge," said the lawyer; and throwing down the violin, the company repaired to the front of the grocery. There, at the first effort, he distanced his antagonist some six inches.

"He jumps like a greyhound!" said he of the axe, scratching his head, and somewhat mortified; "but if I can't throw him I'll be d——d!"

But the success of the poor woodcutter was as bad in this trial of manhood as in the first. He was perfectly enraged by his discomfitures, and stripping off his coat, swore he would flog him at any rate. But the company, who had taken quite an affection to our hero, interfered, and they all adjourned to the grog shop to drink each other's healths, and to smoke the calumet.

The lawyer in the meanwhile kept cracking his jokes, and singing his songs, and telling his stories, to the great diversion of the company.

It was not long before some of the topers began very naturally to talk about their cases in court. The lawyer then commenced giving them advice, and spoke very learnedly upon the subject.

"You must be a lawyer," said an old man, who had been listening to him very intently.

He answered in the affirmative.

"Then I'll be d——d if you shan't plead my case to-morrow!"

"And mine," said another.

"And mine," said a third.

The fees were forthwith put into his hands—and our hero went to bed that night fifty dollars richer than he was in the morning.

The event proved that the confidence of his clients was not misplaced. The cases entrusted to him were managed in a masterly manner; and he rose from that moment with rapid strides to the head of the bar. He afterwards filled many important offices in the State, and was in a fair way to have attained to the highest in the gift of the people; but his unfortunate habits of dissipation undermined his constitution, and cut him off in the midst of his career. Such was the beginning and end of H. H. M. "Random Sketches of the West."

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock of Blood Horses are offered for sale in consequence of the death o the late owner:

1. The iron gray horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, by Imp. Barefoot, dam Farmer's Damsel, by Eclipse, grandam Lady Hamlet, by Hamlet, g grandam by old Imp. Messenger, g g grandam an imported mare.
2. The iron gray mare *Maria Lovell*, by Sir Lovell, 4 years old, out of the dam of No. 1.
3. The sorrel filly *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, by Andrew, out of the dam of No. 1.
4. The bay horse, *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, by Sir Lovell, out of the grandam of No. 1.

For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address,

[J28-3m] JESSE W SEAMAN, corner of Beekman and South-st., N. Y.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD*.]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N J. [d24-6m]

ADMIRAL.

FOR SALE—The celebrated chesnut horse *Admiral*, five years old this Spring. He was sired by Imp. Barefoot; his dam Highland Mary, by American Eclipse, was out of Young Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Expedition, and is own sister to Medoc and Midas. At the Second Spring meeting in 1835, at Trenton, N. J., *Admiral* won the Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats, beating Capt. Stockton's b. f. by Lance, and Mr. Palmer's ch. f Acacia, by Henry, in 1:53 and 1:50. At the First Spring meeting in 1836, upon the Union Course, L. I., Admiral gave way in his near fore pastern, and came in dead lame, when running a match race of 4 mile heats, for $5000 a-side, against Col. Heth's *Margaret Armistead*. Admiral won the 1st heat, but broke down in the 3d mile of the 3d heat, (11th mile), since which he has been thrown out of training. Great care has been taken of him, and he has now so much recovered his condition as to show no symptoms of lameness whatever.

For further particulars enquire (if by letter, post paid) of Mr JOHN W. WATSON, New York Tattersalls, or of the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

New York, March 30, 1837. [A1-3t.]

☞ The Turf Register will please copy and charge this office.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

IN consequence of the death of Mr. J. SLEEPER, the following Thorough Bred Horses are offered for sale; the present owner having no use for them, is determined to sell them at very reduced prices, viz.:—

No. 1—*Norna*, b. m., 15 years old, by Director, (he full brother to Virginian), her dam, Lady Tolman, who was the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $300.

No. 2—Chesnut mare, by Sir Arthur, (he by Sir Archy, out of Green's old Celar mare) her dam Sally Nailor, by Imp. Wonder, out of Primrose; she by the noted Damon, (he by Imp. Fearnought,) her grandam by Jolly Roger, her g. grandam by Imp. Partner. Price $2[illegible].

No. 3—Chesnut horse, foaled 1831, out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson. Price $300.

No. 4—Bay mare, foaled 1832, out of No. 1, by Gohanna. Price $700.

No. 5—Chesnut mare, out of No. 2, foaled 1829, by Md. Eclipse, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 6—Chesnut colt, foaled 1835, out of No. 2, by Sussex. Price $500.

No. 7—Brown mare, foaled 1831, by Mons. Tonson, out of Elizabeth, by Sir Alfred, out of the dam of Sally Hopet, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 8—Bay horse, foaled 1832, out of the dam of No. 7, by Timoleon. Price $700.

No. 9—Chesnut colt, foaled 1833, by Sussex, dam by Florizel, he by Diomed, her dam by Imp. Dare Devil, grandam by old Shark, g. grandam by Apollo, out of Imp. mare Jenny Cameron. Price $200.

No. 10—Chesnut mare, foaled 1833, by Sussex, her dam by Gov. Spriggs' Northampton, out of the celebrated Columbia, who was by Col. Tayloe's Oscar, out of Selima. Northampton and Columbia were half brother and sister by the side of their common ancestor, old Oscar, by Gabriel. Price $400.

No. 11—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Byron, out of Iris, who was out of Beane's celebrated mare Mirla, who was by Punch, &c. Price $300.

No. 12—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Apparition, out of Jessie, by Telegraph, &c. Price $300

No. 13—Chesnut horse, foaled 1829, by Ratler, his dam out of Lady Bumbany, (who was imported by John Randolph), by Gracchus. Price $400.

No. 14—Chesnut colt, out of the dam of No. 10, by Young Fagdown, he by Old Fagdown. Price $100.

Any person wishing to purchase will please address (post paid)

Baltimore, Md., March 6, 1837. [mh 18-tf.] W. H. STEWART.

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Cliffden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A first rate trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected. [A15] THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment in Greene st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual

N.B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'clock.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Jan. 21, 1837. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Pheensy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 11 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst Ascot, 6 to 1 agst Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lb.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, carrying 8st 7lb, D I., 8 subs; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st 7lbs each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs, h ft; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st 3lb; 2 miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st 5lbs, 2 miles, 3 subs; beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st 10lbs, and beating b c Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, [winner of the Oaks,] Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold. [J21

Catton, Trustee's sire, had *seven* winners last year [1836] on the English turf, who won twelve prizes He has thirty-two of his get already entered for "the big things" to be run in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, etc., who won ten prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l*., and 600*l*. at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

THE THOROUGH BRED IMPORTED HORSE DAGHEE

WILL stand the present season (beginning on the 20th of March and ending on the 15th of July) at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, where he will serve mares at $40 the season, to be paid when the mare is withdrawn, and $1 to the groom, in all cases. Mares will be insured at $60 each, to be paid when she is ascertained to be in foal, but the insurance to be forfeited if parted with before it is ascertained she is in foal—or if a mare insured does not regularly attend the horse, mares will be considered as put by the season, unless a written order for insurance accompany her.

Daghee is a splendid horse—his blood is very pure, and is not surpassed by that of any horse. The terms for his services (being the same with those at which he stood last season) are comparatively low, but from no considerations of inferiority to any horse on the Continent, either as to Racing Form or Blood, but from the fact that his colts are yearlings, and his reputation as a Stallion is yet to be established by their success on the Turf. Mares will be fed with grain, or pastured on the usual terms, and every attention paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability assumed for either. For a more particular description of Daghee, see American Turf Register, Vov. 5, No. 5, page 226, for 1834; as also the bills of the day. He is well worth an examination by those who take pleasure in seeing fine horses.

Pedigree.—DAGHEE was bred by Com. Sir Robert Barrie, at Swarthdale, in Lancashire, and foaled in 1829. He was got by Muley, the sire of Leviathan, (now in Tennessee), of Margrave, winner of the St. Leger in 1832, and many other horses of note. His dam, Fatima, bred also by Com. Sir Robert Barrie, was got by the celebrated Bay Nedjd Arabian Sheik, out of Maria, bred by the late Duke of Hamilton, at Ashton Hall, in Lancashire. The Duke of Hamilton's Maria, (see English General Stud Book, edition of 1822, vol. 2, page 186), was got by Orville, her dam, Lady Jane, also bred by the Duke of Hamilton in 1806, was got by the famous Hambletonian, her dam, Bay Javelin, (also bred by the Duke,) by Javelin, out of Young Flora, own sister to Spadille, by Highflyer—Javelin, Young Flora, (sister to Spadille,) and Spadille, were likewise bred by the Duke of Hamilton, and may with propriety be styled his family of horses. The Duke of Hamilton was "celebrated for stout blood; he won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalleled on the turf, and ran first for it the eighth, but the stakes were given to Lord Fitzwilliam, his Grace's rider having jostled." Young Flora was out of Flora, by Squirrel, her dam, Angelica, by Snap—Regulus—Bartlett's Childers—Honeywood's Arabian—Dam of the two True Blue's. Muley (sire of Daghee) is, perhaps, the best son of Orville, and out of Sir T. Charles Bunbury's famous mare Eleanor, by Whiskey.

[Mh 11-4t.] EDWARD C. MAYO.

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H. BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F4] E. H. B.

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14 1836.

DOGS FOR SALE.

A PAIR OF YOUNG COCKER SPANIELS FOR SALE. Enquire at the bar of Franklin Coffee House, 86 Maiden Lane. [mh 11-3t.]

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh 18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

ELEGANT TIMING WATCHES FOR SPORTSMEN.

THE Subscriber has on hand, and is constantly receiving the above articles, all of which are made expressly to order, for the purpose of *marking time* very accurately; together with a general assortment of London, Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. These Watches having been closely tested, are allowed by Judges to be the best article ever introduced for the above purpose. The watches being all warranted, the money will be refunded if they should not prove satisfactory to the recommendation.

Also a general assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, and silver ware, which the public are respectfully invited to call and examine at his store, No. 240 Pearl-street, corner of Burling Slip. [F18-tf.] WM. F. GRIFFEN.

' What possible inducement can there be for holding back?—tis the last heat—each have won one—reputation, and double the amount of money, is to be gained by running for it.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St. New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house lately occupied by Mr. S B Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837. [A1.]

IMPORTED BULLS FOR SALE.

THE above were imported last Fall in the Barque Wolga,—they are of the Durham breed and high pedigree, and may be seen at—De Wolf, Esq.'s, Throggs Neck, near Harlaem, where price and pedigree will be furnished. [mh 18]

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE Splendid Club Boat MINERVA, measuring 30 feet in length, complete with cushions carpet, and all necessary appendages, together with the house at Castle Garden. To be seen in the Saloon at that place.

For further particulars enquire of T. REED, 60 Pine-street. [A1.]

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year, at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Emilius for 2000 guineas, who declined the challenge; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by an examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivalled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree, gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country! Where is the imported horse now in America, or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said?

He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, over the course of 3 and 4 miles, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt out of Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down the face, but without white feet or other white marks; standing upon short legs, and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1820—was sold at an early age to Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1823, was sold by Mr Watt for 3,000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having beaten nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Colden, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows:—Height, 5 feet 2½ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5½ inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Rosebury, sister to Ruby, by Phenomenon; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare; her dam Flaxinella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare, her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1822, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3:15, or 1:51 per mile.

1823—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2:22, or 1:52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 1¼ miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 1823—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.); fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens; Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Bunter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22 *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23½. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23½.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £50, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 24 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partisan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8:18, and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st 8lbs., (120lbs.), time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (109lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st 12lbs. (124lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs.; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lbs. (110lbs.); a good race; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July [illegible]1, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.), 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lbs., and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lbs. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

Barefoot is remarkably beautiful, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper.

Of his having proved a good and sure foal-getter we are enabled to give the following testimonial, under the hand of a very eminent breeder, and one of great and long experience.

New York, Jan. 23, 1837.

I hereby certify that the imported horse Barefoot has stood under my directions at West Farms, in West Chester County, New York, and at the Union Course, L. I., two seasons, and has proved himself a sure and good foal-getter. I consider him the best stallion introduced to the State of New York, since the importation of Messenger in 1791, he having got more runners in proportion to the number of thoroughbred mares which he has covered, than any other stallion which has come under my observation. JAMES BATHGATE.

With the foregoing full and correct documents, I now offer the services of this valuable horse to the breeders of Kentucky and Western States generally, and respectfully request them to call and view him, and solicit their patronage.

Louisville, Kentucky, February, 1837. [mh 11.] LEWIS SHERLEY.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom; the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Rowton is a good chesnut without white, fifteen and a half hands high, of great bone and muscle. He is a horse of the finest limbs, and most exact proportions, and after the exportation of Amphion, was considered the most beautiful stallion in England. His stock are thought very promising, and are selling as high as the get of any stallion in the kingdom. By a reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Rowton's pedigree and performances may be seen, as also the very high estimation in which he is held both in England and America.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 2, 1837. [J28-9t]

SHARK.

THE celebrated race horse *Shark*, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy—Old Black Maria, by Imp. Shark, etc. etc., will stand again at my stable, near Taylor's Ferry, on the Roanoke, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75 the season A class of five mares at $60 each. It is unnecessary to say more, as *Shark* is so well known to the breeders of the race horse.

Boydton, Va., Jan 7, 1837. [J21-t1m] JOHN C. GOODE.

ANDREW.

HAVING purchased an interest in the celebrated Stallion and Race Horse, ANDREW, he will make his season this Spring at Newmarket, within one mile of Petersburg, and will be at his stand ready to serve mares by the 15th March. Terms and particulars in a few days.

Petersburg, Feb. 22, 1837. [mh1] O. P. HARE.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
" "	Match, 4 mile heats, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carrou*, 17th May.
" "	Match, 3 mile heats, $3000 aside, *Langford*, vs Sir Charles colt, May 17.
BATESVILLE, Ark. - -	Match, mile heats, $600, *Octavia Walton* vs. *Eliza Bedford*, 6th May.
" "	Match, 2 mile h., $1000 a side, *Sir William* vs. *Independence*, May 4th.
" "	Match, 1 m. $200, a-side, *Ella Wickham* vs. *Eliza Bedford*, 17th May.
BURKSVILLE, Ky. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday 9th May.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky -	Spring Hill Course, annual Spring meeting, 1st Thursday, 1st June.
COLUMBUS, Ga. -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, Western Course, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
COLUMBUS, Miss. - - -	Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 8th May.
CULPEPPER C. H., Va.	Annual Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 8th May.
CYNTHIANA, Ky. - - -	Annual Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday, 10th May.
FAIRFIELD, Va. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va.	Mulberry Course, Spring meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.
FLORENCE, Ala. - - -	Match, One mile, P.P., $1000 a-side, *Sarah Bladen*, vs. b. f. by Wild Bill and Cripple, both 2 yrs. during the month of May.
HUNTING PARK, Pa. -	Trotting Course, near Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, May 9.
KENDALL Course, - -	Near Baltimore, Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 2d May.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th May.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - -	Jockey Club, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - -	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEW ORLEANS, La. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY. - -	Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
NEWMARKET, Va. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th April.
NEWPORT, Ky. - - - -	Newport and Covington Asso., Spring meeting, 1st Monday, 1st May.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - -	Norfolk and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. -	Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
TREE HILL, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 8th May. On the 1st day, a Match, 2 m. h., $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, vs. *Va. Timberlake*.
TRENTON, N. J. - - -	First Spring meeting, Eagle Course, last Tuesday, 25th April.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th May.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - -	Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
WASHINGTON CITY. -	National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [m4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [m4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp. Duchess by Gracchus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va, the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40. [F4] C. F. M. NOLAND.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J. 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m4

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Old Honesty, by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $40 to insure [A8.

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osmun Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 30 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John CROWELL's stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala, at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course. L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. TUNSTALL.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18.

ZOHRAB, b. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. DAVIS, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for $3.*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

LOUISIANA SPRING MEETINGS.

PLAQUEMINE, (La.,) March 27, 1837.

DEAR SIR,—We have from thirty-five to forty horses in training here for the races next week, some of them the A. 1's of the Turf. We have stables from Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and from this State, and of course a reasonable expectation of excellent running. But it is asked, what chance have *we* with *Angora*, with *Fanny Wright*, with *Linnet*, with *Extio*, with *Kathleen*, with *Daniel O'Connell*, with *Hard Heart?* Not much I admit—

De his apibus non mellifluerís opes.

But in return for taking our purses, they will furnish us with such a display as has never yet been witnessed in this vicinity, and by their spirited exertions in the well-contested race, amply repay us the loss of our dollars.

In the meantime, the studs of more modest pretensions have determined to have a week to themselves; and commencing with to-morrow (Tuesday), one or more races will come off on each of the five consecutive days, winding up on Saturday with a quarter race, $1000 a-side, between a Kentucky horse, Beverley Prior, and a mare from this neighborhood, Molly Long; on which last day more than one individual will be reminded that it is the first of April.

So far the weather is fine, the track in excellent order, and pronounced to be one of the best in the Union. Without an accident, you will hear of some excellent running from Yours, &c., HERSEY.

P.S. I admire the vignette at the head of your paper; apart from the merit of the design, which is very great, how true it is that the curved line is the line of beauty. H.

New Orleans Races, Eclipse Course.

The *result* of the race, mile heats, on the fifth day of the late Club meeting at New Orleans, was omitted in the report of the other days, although we placed the entries in the order we *thought* they would stand when the result was declared. And we did that thing to a dot. The blanks are now filled up without changing a letter.

TUESDAY, March 21.—Purse $1470, the entrance money of the preceding days, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's s. f. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	1	1	1
P. B. Starke's b. h. *American Citizen*, by Marion, out of Polly Kennedy's dam, by Harwood, 4 yrs. 100lbs.	2	3	2
Capt. Y. N. Oliver's b. c. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	3	2	3

Time not given in the New Orleans papers. Track heavy.

Result of Races over the Union Course, April 18th, 1837.

The match, mile heats between the 3 yr old colts of Capt. Stockton and Mr. John C. Stevens was won by Captain Stockton's ch. c. Somerset, by Sir Charles out of Powancey, beating Mr. Stevens' Octavian, by Henry out of Janette, in three heats—Time 1:57—1:57—2:4. In the coming out of each of the three heats there was not a difference of half a length.

The match mile heats between Tom Moore by Eclipse, 6 yrs old, and Veto, by Gohanna, 5 yrs. old, was won by Tom Moore—Time, 1:52—1:54.

The sweepstakes of mile heats for all ages, was won by Mr. John C. Stevens ch. c. Dosoris by Henry, out of Goliah's dam, 4 years old, beating Capt. Stockton's b. m. Amelia by Lance, out of Monmouth's dam, 5 years old. In this race Dosoris and Amelia started without the order of the judges, and ran a mile—Dosoris came out ahead—Time 1:54. No signal to start having been given, as also the signal flag to return being hoisted, but not obeyed, the judges decided it was no heat. Upon being duly started, Dosoris won the heat—Time, 1:59—and Amelia then gave up the contest.

Track heavy and raining during the three races.

ALEX'R. L. BOTTS, Secretary.

PEDIGREES FOR THE NEW AMERICAN STUD BOOK.

Midas, ch. c., foaled in May, 1832, was bred by Mr. James Bathgate, at West Farms, Westchester Co., N. York. Midas was got by Am. Eclipse, out of Shelah, (or Sheley,) by Bussorah, his grandam, Young Matilda, by Duroc, g. g. dam Old Matilda, by Baronet. The following pedigree as certified etc., by Michael Jackson, of Long Island: his g. g. g. dam by a horse bred by Braddock Seaman, of Hempstead, Long Island, his g. g. g. g. dam by Sportsman, his g. g. g. g. g. dam was a bay mare, owned by Samuel Seaman, of Hempstead, Long Island, and was a very speedy racer. The horse bred by Braddock Seaman, (before alluded to,) was of good blood, his dam was got by Bold Britton, his sire a horse raised by Richard Townsend, Esq., of North Hempstead, L. I., and was sired by the imported horse Old Lathe, his dam by Captain, and Captain by Old Wildair.

American Priam, s. c., foaled in May, 1835, also bred by me, was got by Henry, (the competitor of Eclipse,) out of Shelah, (or Sheley,) as above.

Both of the above horses were sold by me to Mr. THOMAS LYNCH this day.

April 13th, 1837. JAMES BATHGATE.

TRENTON RACES, EAGLE COURSE.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING will take place on Tuesday, the 25th of April, 1837.

FIRST DAY.

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, subscription $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. McCoun names ch. c. John R., by Henry, out of Grasshopper.
2. Jas. B. Kendall names b. c. Balie Peyton, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
3. Samuel Laird names ch. c. by Busiris, out of Escape.
4. Daniel Abbott, names Shepherd, by Dashall, dam by Revenge.

Same Day.—Purse $500, Three mile heats, free for all.

SECOND DAY.—Post Stakes for 4 year old colts and fillies; subscription $100 each, p.p. Two mile heats, $200 added by Proprietor; four subs., to name at the post.

James B Kendall,	William Gibbons,
Joseph H. Van Mater,	P. H. Rowlett.

Same Day.—Purse $150, Mile heats.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $250, Two mile heats.

Entrances for the purses must be make with the subscriber, at the Eagle Hotel, before 3 o'clock, P. M. the day preceding each race. The horses will be started, punctually, at 12 o'clock, and at 3 P. M.

The number of fine horses now in training, in New Jersey and the vicinity, warrants us in saying, that the running will be unusually brilliant.

The Proprietors regret that the inclemency of the season thus far, has operated so much against the horses in training for long distances, as to cause the postponement of their usual Four mile purse of $1000, until next meeting, which will be early in June.

Trenton, April 10, 1837. O. BAILEY, Secretary.

P. S. The entrances and results of each day's racing, will be published in the United States Gazette, Pennsylvanian, and on the books at Head Quarters, and at the Tontine House, Philadelphia.

KENDALL COURSE, SPRING, 1837.

THE Races over this Course will take place the 2d Tuesday, 9th of May, and continue four days.

The FIRST DAY will commence with a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit. Mile heats—6 subs. and closed, to wit:—

1. Jas. B. Kendall names br. c. Henry A. Wise, by Dashall, out of the dam of Robin Hood.
2. Jacob Dixon names ch. c. by Marylander, out of the dam of Experiment, by Rattler.
3. Col. W. R. Johnson names b. f. by Nullifier, out of Jemima, (W. Livingston's).
4. Col. John Heth names ch. f. by Eclipse out of Screamer.
5. Col. F. Thompson names f. Omega, by Timoleon, dam Dazie Cropper.
6. O. P. Hare names ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam Polly Cobbs.

SAME DAY, Second Race.—A Sweepstakes now open for colts and fillies then three years old. bred or owned in Maryland as far South as the Rappahannock; $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; Mile heats, three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st May.

SECOND DAY.—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats, ent. $20.

THIRD DAY.—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats, ent. $30.

FOURTH DAY.—Jockey Club Purse $200, Two mile heats, free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland and the District of Columbia, ent. $15.

SAME DAY, Second Race.—A Sweepstakes for all ages, Two mile heats, ent. $100, 3 or more to make a race, to name and close the evening previous to the race.

All the above purses will be *paid in cash*, without discount.

The Course, which is an exact mile, is now in the most perfect order. Ample provisions have been made to accommodate gentlemen and horses visiting the course. Good stables and litter gratis. Food of every description will be provided for those who may want.

Persons wishing to engage in the Sweepstakes now open, will please address the proprietor at Baltimore. [A22] JAS. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

RODOLPH.

THE THOROUGH BRED STALLION AND INVINCIBLE RACE-HORSE, RODOLPH.—Having recently purchased of Robt. L. Shelly and others, the entire interest in this celebrated Horse at $20,000, and having no race on hand, except that with *Kathleen* and *Linnet*, for $20,000 a-side, which will not come off before next spring, I have determined to allow him to serve thirty mares, besides my own, the present season. As Rodolph will be positively limited to the above number, persons who wish to have his produce can secure the season of their mares, by writing either to me at Vicksburg, or to Robert Wooding, at Natchez. Two hundred dollars will be charged for each season, and pasture and grain can be obtained at the expense of the owners of the mares either at the Pharsalia Race Track, or at the Eclipse Hotel. I intend keeping him as low in flesh as I can, to keep up his life and vigor for the service of one, and never more than two mares each day, which will make him more sure, and his produce better than if his number was unlimited.

PEDIGREE, &c.

Rodolph will be 6 years old next Spring, is a rich, beautiful bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high, with uncommon strength and muscle, was got by Sir Archy (of Transport), dam by Moses, grandam by Cook's Whip, g grandam by Craig's Alfred, who was by Imp. Medley, Cook's Whip by Imp. Whip, Sir Archy (of Transport) by old Sir Archy, out of Transport by Virginius; Old Sir Archy by Imp. Diomed, out of Imp. Castianira; Virginius by Imp. Diomed, out of Rhea by Chatham—Harris' Eclipse—Imp. Shark—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c. See English and American Stud Book.

PERFORMANCES OF RODOLPH.

He is yet young and not withdrawn from the turf—has run only 7 races, and won them all without ever being put to his speed on any part of the ground!! He lost the first heat he ever run in public, in consequence of the inexperience of his rider, as proven by his winning the second and third heats, and the race in quicker time than his competitor won the first heat.

Spring, 1834.—Rodolph, at three years old, won the stallion stakes at Lexington, Two mile heats, and at Louisville two weeks afterwards—won the 3 mile purse, in 2 heats, running the 2d heat in 5:49; then travelled up the river in a boat, to Newport, in which he was lamed, but notwithstanding, won the 3 mile purse at a single heat.

Fall, 1834.—Lamed in training, and did not start in any race.

Spring, 1835.—Rodolph, at 4 years old, over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, won the Three mile heats; 1st heat, 5:54—2d, 5:48, which is the quickest heat ever run by any horse west of the mountains.

Fall, 1835.—At Louisville, Rodolph won the Four mile purse without an effort, in 2 heats, although he was pronounced by all the trainers too fat for a Two mile race. At Lexington he won the Four mile Purse at one heat, nothing running with him the 2d heat.

Fall, 1836.—He ran a match race against Angora, the favorite and chosen champion of that gallant State, (Tennessee), Four mile heats, for $5000 a-side. He distanced, with great ease, his competitor, the 1st heat, amidst the acclamations of admiring thousands. From Louisville he was taken to Lexington, where his then owner (Mr. Burbridge) intended running him on the Four mile day of the Fall races. He, however, with characteristic generosity, declined entering him, when he was advised by the Jockey Club that no entries would be made against him, and consequently no sport had.

Rodolph is a race horse of the highest order. Every gentleman who has witnessed his performances will testify to the great ease with which he has always passed his fleetest competitors, whenever he has been required to do it. His owners have never yet been guilty of running Rodolph any faster than is necessary to win, nor do I ever intend running him faster than necessary *barely* to win, unless I know when I am starting him in his last race. If any gentleman thinks he has ever seen Rodolph at his speed, he will be very much astonished if he lives to see Rodolph meet his equal, both in condition for a race. I never expect to see him beaten by any horse in equal condition, nor do I believe the horse lives that can beat him Four mile heats. OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

Vicksburg, March 25, 1837. [A22]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

THOMAS PEARSALL, of Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, Queen's County, Long Island, offers for sale his entire stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

No. 1.—*Sportsmistress*, gr. m., bred by Gen Coles, of Dosoris, L. I., foaled 1818, got by Old Hickory, by Imp. Whip her dam Miller's Damsel, (by Imp. Messenger,) the dam of American Eclipse, &c.

No. 2.—*Gulnare*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, foaled 1824, by Duroc, sire of Am. Eclipse; dam Sportsmistress.

No. 3.—*The Jewess*, gr. m., foaled 1831, by Henry, dam Gulnare.

Stallions.

No. 4.—*Talma*, gr. h. 16 hands high, foaled 1827, by Henry, dam Sportsmistress, which makes him full brother to Alice Grey, who beat, with all ease, Black Maria, over the Union Course, in 7:56—7:50. She was the best get of Henry.

No. 5.—*Bravo*, b. h., 16 hands high, foaled 1829, by Henry, dam Gulnare, by Duroc

In Training

No. 6.—G. c., 16 hands high, foaled 1833, got by Henry, out of Sportsmistress. He is a full brother to Alice Grey, and promises to make a race horse.

No. 7.—Ch. c., 15½ hands high, foaled 1833, bred by John N. Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., (the breeder of Post Boy, Tarquin, and Robin Hood,) was got by Talma, out of Dove, by Duroc. She is full sister to Cock of the Rock, and Young Romp; he is very promising.

No. 8.—G. c., foaled 1834, got by the race horse Flying Childers, he by Sir Archie, out of Gulnare, by Duroc. This colt is engaged in a stake over the Union Course, First Spring meeting, 18 subs., and First Fall meeting, 11 subs

No. 9.—Ch c., foaled 1836, by Gohanna, out of Gulnare. He is engaged in a stake to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring of 1839. $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit.

If the above horses are not sold at private sale, they will be sold at auction, during the last Spring meetingt at the Union Course, L. I., of which due notice will be given. For information, apply to John Watson, Tattersalls, N. Y., or the subscriber. T. PEARSALL.

TALMA, by Sidney, dam Sportsmistress, will stand at Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, at $25 the season, at the stable of THOS. PEARSALL.

NEW YORK RACES.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, New York Races, 1837, will commence the 1st Tuesday, 2d of May.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Ent. $300, ft. $100. 18 subs.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names s. c. by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom and Henry.
3. " " produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Eclipse.
5. " " produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janet and Henry
7. " " produce of Romp and Henry.
8. R. R. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
9. " " produce of Monmouth's dam and Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names br. c. Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer and Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names Cornelia, by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

Same Day.—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

[A15-3t.]

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES ARE OPEN to come off over the above Course:—

1. Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money, to come off the first week in May. Sub. $50, h. ft., and $50 added by the Proprietor. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes, Three mile heats, under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a purse over $50. To come off the 1st week in May. Sub. $100, h. ft., with $100 added by the proprietor. Three or more to make a race.

Both of the above Sweepstakes will be closed on the 22d inst. at 9 o'clock, P. M., at Randall Smith's Hotel, 2d door above the Park Theatre, New York. Nominations to be made in writing addressed to the Proprietor, at the above place.

JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING will commence over the above course the 3d Wednesday, 17th of May, and continue three days, for which the following Purses will be offered:—

FIRST DAY.—A Purse of $300, Three mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a Purse of $100, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $200, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a Purse of $100, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse of $100

THIRD DAY.—Purse $300, Three mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a PACING SWEEPSTAKES, under the saddle, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, No distance, sub. $25, and $50 added by the Proprietor. To close on the 1st day of the meeting. Three or more to make a race.

Centreville, L. I., April 14, 1837. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

☞ The Winner of either of the three Sweepstakes advertised in this paper will be excluded from entering for the two $100 purses advertised above. J. C.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837–38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838–39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500. declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839–40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841–42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the Washington Course, D. C., Spring meeting, 1837, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d May, and continue four days.

First Day--First Race.--Post Stake, Three mile heats, $500 entrance, $200 forfeit, for 4 year olds, Spring, 1837; to close 10th April.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson	3. Capt. John Heth
2. Col. James M. Selden	4. James S. Garrison.

Second Race--A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, $200 entrance, $100 forfeit, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837; five subs. and closed.

Francis Thompson enters the get of Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper.
T. R. S. Boyce enters b f by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe.
Gibson Mallory enters James C. Corbin's Eclipse colt.
James S. Garrison enters ch c by Sir Charles, dam Eliza White, by Sir Archie.
Geo. L. Stockett enters gr c by Medley, dam by Richmond.

Second Day—First Race—A Sweepstake race, $500 entrance, $150 forfeit, Mile heats, with colts and fillies. 3 years old, Spring, 1837; six subs. and closed.

W. J. Stratton enters bl c by Mercury, dam by Florizel.
John E. Dorsey enters b f by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles.
T. R. S. Boyce names ba c by Imp. Apparition, dam by Diomed.
John Heth names gr f Gift, by Grey Beard, dam by Sir Charles.
James S. Garrison enters bl c Scipio, by Zinganee, dam Corinna, by Sir Archie.
Mr. Booker enters b c by Zinganee.

Second Race—Washington Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, the winner to take the plate or money at his option; subscription depending on the number of subs.

Third Day—First Race.—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats, $20 ent

Second Race.—A Sweepstakes, now open, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837, Mile heats, entrance $100, forfeit $50, confined to the District of Columbia and Maryland bred colts; to name and close 15th April; three or more to make a race.

Fourth Day—National Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, $30 ent.

☞ Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the Post Stake at Washington City and the Sweepstakes at Maryland and District of Columbia bred colts, will in my absence, address Mr. John Forde, Jr., Norfolk, Va., with their entries. JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

THE NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB RACES, Spring, 1837, will commence on Tuesday, 6th June, and continue four days. Particulars given hereafter.

[F11-6t] JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

☞ The Editors of the Globe and National Intelligencer, Washington, are requested to give the above two weeks' insertion, from the 20th of Feb. and also from the 25th March until the day of the races, twice a-week, and charge it to account of J. S. G.

TROTTING HORSE "AWFUL" FOR SALE.

THE very fast trotting horse "Awful," a bay gelding, 7 years old this Spring, 16 hands high, of fine action, and immense stride, perfectly sound, and kind in harness, is offered for sale on accommodating terms. Awful is a thoroughbred horse, and comes off a good stock on both sides. Awful has trotted a mile under the saddle, upon the public Trotting Course, under two minutes forty seconds. He is so well known, by his performances on the Centreville and other courses, as to render any detail of his performances unnecessary. For terms apply to ISAAC ANDERSON, Jr.,

New York, Feb 22, 1837. [F22-tf.] No. 65 Watts-street.

RATS! RATS! RATS!

A PREMIUM of $15 will be paid to any person or persons who will catch and deliver 200 rats alive to the subscriber. Notice must be given a few days before the required number will be ready. [A8] JOHN BROWN, 23 Madison-st.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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